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No. 979

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# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF -  
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

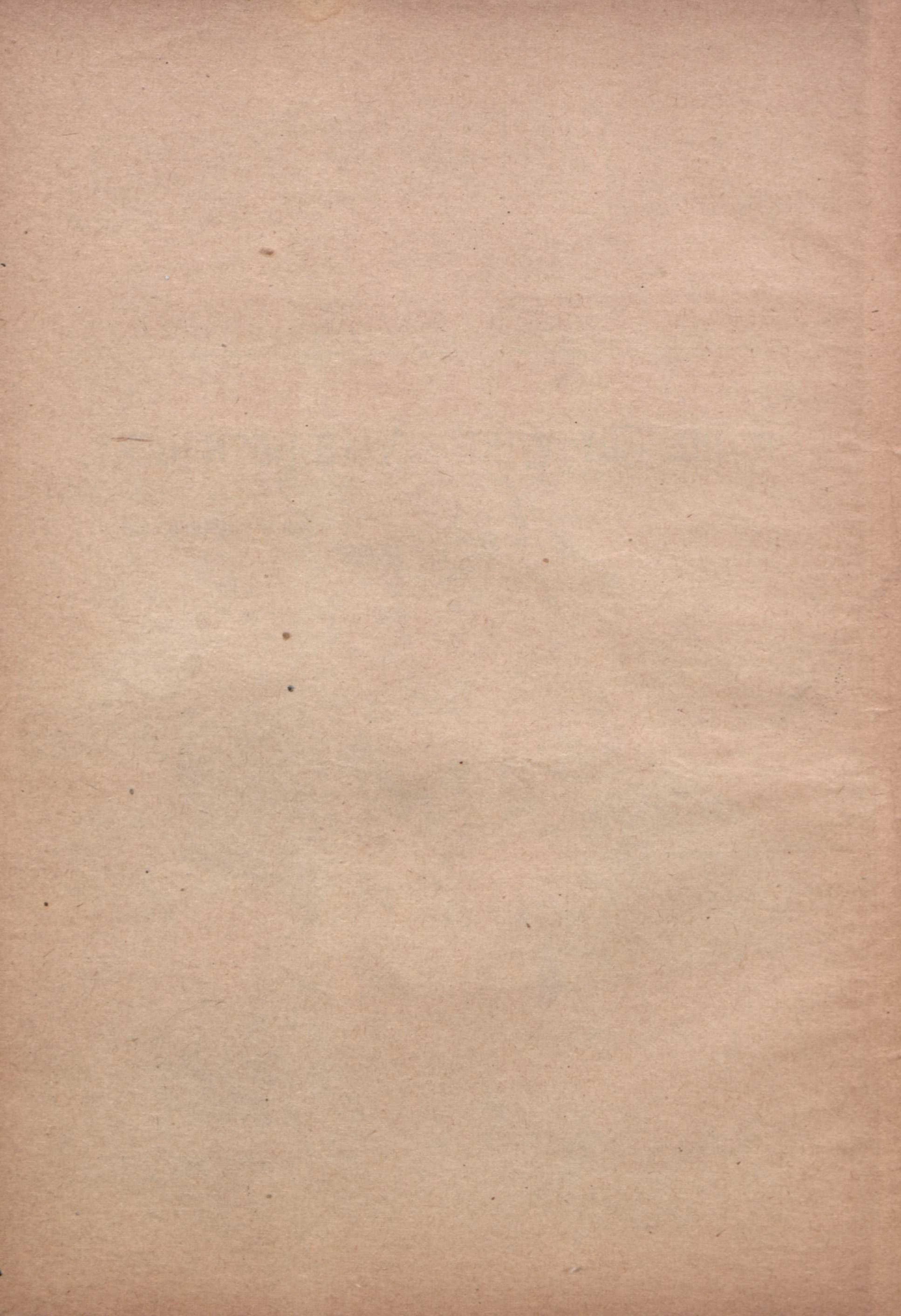
## HEIR TO A MILLION; OR, THE BOY WHO WAS BORN LUCKY.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



"Lift him up gently, fellows," said Jack, bending forward to give them a hand. "The poor fellow seems to be about done up." "He's nothing but a wreck, and is as light as a feather, almost," replied Tuttle, raising the sailor up.



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# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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## HEIR TO A MILLION

OR, THE BOY WHO WAS BORN LUCKY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### CHAPTER I.—The Boy Who Was Born Lucky.

"It's better to be born lucky than rich," grinned Joe Tuttle, who had just picked a nickel off the ground, exhibiting his find.

"That's right," replied Jack Ward. "It's a wonder I didn't find it instead of you."

"Why so?"

"Because I was born lucky."

"Who said you were?"

"Professor Gregory."

"Did you let him cast your horoscope?"

"I told him to go ahead."

"How did he do it?"

"Ask me something easy, will you? I didn't see him do it. He asked me to tell him the day and hour I was born, and the place. Yesterday afternoon he called me aside and showed me the result of his calculations. He said that I was heir to a million."

"Heir to a million!" gasped Joe. "Gee whiz! He was liberal with you."

"Not only that, but he assured me that I would get the million before I was a year older. This is the luckiest year of my life."

"And you believe all that rot?" asked Tuttle, with a look of disgust.

"It does sound just a little bit preposterous, doesn't it?"

"I should say it did. Heir to a million, and you're going to get the million right away. Well, I didn't think the professor would find pleasure in stuffing any of us chaps like that. Did he say who was going to leave you the million?"

"No."

"Got any relatives in the meat trust, or ice trust, or—"

"No," laughed Jack. "I'm not so fortunate."

"You ought to have, being that you were born lucky."

"No. Mother was a lone chick when father married her. She had neither parents, nor brothers, nor sisters."

"Maybe some of your father's folks are side partners of Rockefeller," grinned Tuttle.

Jack shook his head."

"Then I don't see how you can be heir to a million."

"Neither do I. I'd be willing to trade off my

expectations for enough of good American bills to pay off the mortgage on our cottage, or even a year or two's interest."

"I wouldn't mind having the professor cast my horoscope if I thought he could find a million in it for me," chuckled Joe.

"What would you do with a million in money, Joe, if you got it?"

"What would I do with it? Say, don't make my mouth water, Jack. I could figure up five hundred different ways of getting rid of some of it. In the first place, I'd take Sue Rankin down to the ice cream parlor and fill her up to the neck with frozen sweetness. She told me this morning that if there was anything she doted on it was ice cream and sponge cake."

"That was a pretty broad hint," laughed Jack.

"I'm going to borrow a quarter from mother after supper so that I can satisfy Sue's longings. If I don't treat her, Waddie Wilcox will, and then I'll have to punch Waddie in the solar plexus. He's getting too fresh with Sue Rankin."

"Waddie's father is the mainstay in this village, and Waddie has the spendulix to treat the girls. That's where he's got the inside track with us chaps."

"He wants to keep away from Sue Rankin or there's going to be trouble," said Tuttle, belligerently.

"You want to go slow, Joe. Squire Wilcox might have you put in the lock-up if you were to hurt his son and heir."

"Then let his son and heir mind his own business. What do you s'pose he had the nerve to try to do at the picnic last Saturday?"

"What?"

"Tried to steal a kiss from Sue."

"He was reckless, wasn't he? I know a man who stole a kiss from a pretty girl, and he's paying the penalty for it."

"What was the penalty?"

"Hard labor for life."

"Oh, come off. How could he get hard labor for life just for kissing a girl?"

"He married the girl," snickered Jack.

"Say, you're almost smart enough to be editor of a comic paper," replied Joe.

Jack chuckled again, but made no reply.

The two boys, who were schoolmates and chums, were on their way to one of the wharves of the village of Northcliffe, Long Island, the place where they both lived.

Jack Ward, who was the elder by three months, was the only son of a widow in very moderate circumstances.

He had a sister named Daisy, two years his junior, and the three lived in a pretty cottage not a great way from the bay. Jack attended the Northcliffe Academy, and was considered one of the brightest and most promising students. He was also regarded as one of the smartest boys in the neighborhood. He was an expert in all out-of-door sports, particularly that of boating. The water had attraction for him that was second to no other amusement, and he was never so happy as when sailing about the harbor, or out into the great bay beyond, which connected Long Island Sound. His father, now dead two years, had been employed as a skilled mechanic in one of the three shipyards of Northcliffe, and Jack for many years had the run of the yard.

He was thoroughly familiar with the build and rig of every sort of craft, from a yawl to a full-rigged ship, though a three-masted schooner was about the largest kind of a vessel that was turned out of the yards those days. Jack could handle a fore-and-aft about as good as an experienced sailor, but his experience was confined to the thirty-footers and under. Squire Wilcox employed him as sailing master of his son Waddie's sloop-yacht Will o' the Wisp, a very pretty little boat, thirty-two feet long. He received \$10 a week for this service during the time the boat was in commission, and the job was a sinecure. Joe Tuttle, Dick Mellon and Sam Smiley made up the crew of the Will o' the Wisp, the two latter being particular friends of Waddie's.

None of them had known anything to speak of about sailing a boat until Jack Ward took them in hand and drilled them in their duties. As for Waddie, he steered the yacht, under Jack's general supervision, whenever he felt so disposed.

Waddie, like the only sons of many rich fathers, was a self-assertive youth, and wanted to have his own way on all occasions; but he didn't always get it just the same. His father was a sensible man, who knew better than to spoil his son, though it is true that the squire was rather pompous in his manner, and often abrupt and offensive to his social inferiors, as he regarded them. Squire Wilcox also had a daughter of fifteen years, named Nannie, who was looked upon as one of the prettiest as well as sweetest girls in Northcliffe.

Although heiress to half of her father's comfortable fortune, she did not assume a haughty and exclusive deportment toward her neighbors, or, in fact, any one with whom she came in contact. She was very partial to boat sailing, consequently a frequent passenger on the Will o' the Wisp, and Jack Ward thought her the nicest girl he had ever met. She always treated Jack with great courtesy and consideration, often smoothed over little difficulties that rose between the young sailing-master and the owner of the yacht, and was regarded by our hero as an angel in disguise. On the present occasion Waddie had notified Jack that he and Joe Tuttle must report at the wharf at two p. m., prepared for a cruise

down the bay, and they expected to find Mellon and Smiley waiting for them, which they did.

They sailed out to deep water and Joe was staring ahead and uttered a startled cry of "There is an empty boat ahead!"

## CHAPTER II.—The Paper Worth a Million.

Joe's announcement attracted the attention of the others to a weather-beaten rowboat that was bobbing up and down on the surface of the Sound about thirty yards ahead. It appeared to be empty as far as they could make out.

"It's some old tub that's broken loose from its moorings," remarked Smiley.

Just then something that appeared like a man's arm rose out of the boat and fell across the side.

"There's a man lying down in that boat," said Jack. "He's just lifted his arm."

"Some chap who went out fishing with a bottle of booze," grinned Mellon. "He took a drop too much, like they often do, and he's knocked out."

"Then we'll have to take him aboard and let him sleep it off in the cabin," said Jack.

"If you do, he'll scent the cabin up with rum and then Waddie will be made," replied Dick.

"We can't leave him floating around on the Sound in this reckless way. He is liable to lose his life," answered Jack, heading the yacht so as to reach to the windward of the rowboat.

"Oh, well, you're the doctor," intimated Mellon. "If you say pick him up, we'll take him aboard."

"Certainly we'll take him aboard."

As the Will o' the Wiisp ran close to the floating boat the form of a man, stretched out at full length in her bottom, was clearly to be seen.

"He looks as if he had a first-class jag on," snickered Mellon.

Jack threw the yacht up into the wind and allowed the boat to come alongside of its own accord.

"He's dressed like a tramp—all tatters and rags," said Tuttle.

"Here, Smiley," said Jack. "Take the tiller and hold the yacht just as she is."

He walked forward to where Mellon and Tuttle were standing on the covered deck.

"That chap looks like a wreck," remarked the young sailing-master, gazing down into the boat, not over a yard away. "Looks more like a starved man than a drunken one. I'll bet there's something wrong with him."

His companions began to agree with him. The stranger looked like a mere skeleton, and seemed to be in the last stage of exhaustion. His general appearance showed that he was a sailor, though not a common one. Jack remembered having read somewhere that biscuit soaked in wine was a good thing to give to a starving person when nothing better was at hand, so he got out a decanter of sherry and a few light biscuits, and proceeded to try and feed the poor fellow. The sailor seemed to understand his motive and smiled gratefully. It was with great difficulty that he swallowed a portion of one cracker, for his throat almost refused to do its office. The wine stimulated him, however, and after a few minutes he was able to speak in low, uncertain tones.

"I thank you, my lad," he whispered, "but I'm afraid that I am past all help."

"I hope not," replied Jack. "We're hurrying as fast as we can to get you to a doctor."

"It's no use," answered the sailor, shaking his head dismally; "I'll never get well again. A few hours more or less and all that will remain of David Dabney the undertaker will hide away in the ground."

"That's a bad way to look at things," said the boy. "What you want to do is to try and brace up. Here, take another drink of this wine."

The man who called himself David Dabney sipped a little of the sherry and then lay back on the pillow breathing heavily. Jack went to the cabin door, which was lower than the cockpit by three brass-covered steps, and looked out. He could see that the yacht was making good time on her return course and he was satisfied.

"I dare say a doctor will be able to bring him around, if I can keep his strength up until we get within reach of one," said Jack. "This is the first time I ever saw a man that was nearly starved to death."

He returned to the sailor and found him staring fixedly at the swinging tray of cut glass goblets under the skylight, through which the golden rays of the declining sun was shining.

"What craft is this?" whispered the sailor.

"A small pleasure yacht," answered Jack.

"Are you the owner?"

"No, I'm only the sailing-master. The owner is ashore."

"Where are we?"

"At the end of Long Island Sound."

The sailor seemed surprised. He appeared to be repeating the words from the motion of his lips, though they gave forth no sound. Jack pressed him to take another drink and he did so. He wanted him to eat another cracker but the sailor shook his head.

"Wasn't there two others in the boat?" he asked, feebly.

"No. You were the only one."

"Strange," he muttered. "There were two with me when we left the brig just before she went down. That was many days ago. How long I could not guess. The brig was caught in a heavy gale, within twelve hours' sail of the Bahamas, and she foundered."

"What was the name of your vessel?"

"Anthony Wayne, Charles Hubbard, master; from Rio to New York. I was second mate."

"From Rio de Janeiro to New York, you say?" said Jack, making a note of the words in his memorandum book. "And your name is David Dabney?"

The sailor nodded.

"You claim that there were two other men in the boat with you when you left your vessel?"

"Yes. A foremast hand named Bill Dacres, and the carpenter, Gabe Sherlock."

"You have no idea what happened to them?"

"No. The last I remember distinctly they were in the boat with me."

"They must have fallen overboard, for if they had been rescued by a passing vessel, you would have been also."

"I don't know," replied the mate Dabney. "They were not friendly to me."

"Not friendly to you?"

"No. They united against me in the boat, and gave me scarcely any of the provisions and water we put aboard the boat before we abandoned the brig."

"Why, that was outrageous treatment," exclaimed Jack, indignantly.

"They didn't mean that I should ever get ashore alive."

"Why not?" asked the astonished boy.

"Give me another drink and I will tell you."

Jack poured out half a glass of sherry and put it to his lips.

"Put your hand along the inside edge of my jacket and see if you find anything like a paper sewn up there," Dabney said.

Jack did so and soon discovered that the lining had been ripped open.

"There is nothing like that there, sir. The lining is all ripped."

"I thought as much," replied the mate, grimly. "Take off my right shoe."

The young sailing-master followed his direction, and an oblong piece of paper fell out on the floor.

"Is this what you want?" he asked the man, showing it.

"Yes. Thank heavens, I have outwitted them after all."

He took the paper in his fingers and tried to open it, but had not the strength to do so.

"Open it," he said to Jack.

The boy unfolded the paper with no little curiosity. It was very much soiled and spotted, but the writing on it was legible, though written by an uncultivated hand. Jack did not try to read what was written down, but placed the opened sheet in David Dabney's hands.

He looked at it several moments in silence, handling it gingerly, as if he was afraid it might fall to pieces in his hands. Then he looked up at Jack.

"You'll hardly believe me, I suppose," he said, with a ghost of a smile on his drawn features; "but this paper is worth a million dollars."

### CHAPTER III.—Heir to a Million.

"A million dollars!" exclaimed Jack, fully persuaded that the man was out of his mind, a conclusion not unreasonable considering Dabney's physical condition.

"A million dollars," replied the mate, with solemn earnestness. "You have heard of the famous pirate, Captain Kidd, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied Jack, "I should think I have heard of him."

"You have heard also, I suppose, that he buried almost the whole of the plunder in different places?"

"Yes, and with the exception of a quantity that was discovered on Gardiner's Island soon after he was captured, it has always been a mystery where he hid the rest of it."

"He hid the bulk of his treasure in a certain cove on Long Island, and it is there at this moment," replied the mate, in a tone of conviction.

"How do you know?" gasped Jack, thoroughly

amazed at this revelation, in which, to say the truth, he took but little stock.

"How do I know?" said the man with a wan smile. "It is a long story, and I have not the strength to tell you. If I was not sure I am about to die, the secret I am going to confide in you—for I like you, boy, and I see no reason why I should not put you in the way of becoming a rich man—would not pass my lips. This paper, when read aright, will guide his possessor to the spot where a million dollars' worth of Captain Kidd's treasure lies forgotten in the sands of the shore, undisturbed for two whole centuries."

"My gracious!" cried Jack, impressed by the man's manner, in spite of his incredulity.

He looked at the remarkable document with eyes that almost bulged with curiosity. At that moment Dick Mellon poked his head in at the door and called to him:

"We're off the bay," he said. "Joe wants to know how close he can shave Anchor Rock."

Jack went outside and took the helm himself. He put the yacht through the passage between Anchor Rock and the Neck, thus saving something over half a mile.

Jack returned to the cabin. He found their passenger in the same position he had left him, with the paper in his hand. His eyes were closed and he was breathing as if asleep. It was only a cat-nap, however, for Dabney opened his eyes when Jack approached the locker on which he lay.

"Feel any better, sir?" asked the young sailing-master.

"A little," the mate answered, wearily. "Will you give me another drink?"

"Sure I will. As much as you want. Can't you manage another cracker?"

After taking a quarter of a glass of the sherry, the man tried to swallow some of the wine-soaked cracker, but the effort was not very successful.

"What you want is some warm broth, I should think," said Jack.

"I'm past wanting anything," answered the mate.

"That's all nonsense," replied the boy. "You mustn't give up so easily as all that. People worse than you have pulled through and got well."

"I'll never get well."

"Oh, say, don't talk like that. Cheer up," remonstrated Jack.

"You mean well, my lad, and I wish I could look at it in the same light; but remember you're strong and hearty, while I—my insides have all given way from lack of nourishment. The wine you have been giving me only just keeps me up. It can do me no permanent benefit."

"If it keeps you up till the doctor sees you I'll be satisfied," replied Jack. "He'll know how to deal with your case."

Dabney made no reply. Apparently he had little faith that any doctor would be able to help him. Jack offered him another drink of sherry and he took it.

"You were telling me that paper contains a clue to Captain Kidd's treasure," said the boy, who had not forgotten the mate's remarkable statement. "How did it come into your possession?"

"It is an accurate translation of the original paper, which was written in Portuguese by one of the crew of the San Antonio, the vessel in which

Captain Kidd brought the treasure to Long Island waters. The man left the paper to a priest on his deathbed. The priest apparently placed no faith in the document, or was unable to make use of the secret. He must have attached some value to it as a curiosity, for it was kept in the museum of the convent at Setabal, Portugal, for more than 150 years, and may be there still. This copy was made by the mate of an American bark who had occasion to visit the convent, and while inspecting the museum saw the original and obtained permission to make this translation for his own use. He was mortally wounded in a fight in a Rio wine shop. I stood by him in his last moments, and he gave me the paper and an account of how it came into his possession, together with the history of the original as he heard it from the lips of the monk who had charge of the convent treasures."

"And you really think there is something in that document?"

"I do. Only a small proportion of the booty amassed by Captain Kidd has ever been satisfactorily accounted for. This was the £14,000 in money, besides a quantity of valuable goods recovered by the Earl of Bellamont, the English Governor at that time, of New York. That was an absurdly small amount of treasure when it is known that Kidd plundered a score or more of rich Spanish galleons, whose combined wealth in coin and ingots must have amounted to millions, without considering their other articles of value. Kidd hung around Long Island Sound many weeks in the San Antonio before he finally landed in Boston and was arrested. He had ample opportunity to dispose of his treasure at his leisure, and there is no doubt in my mind but he did so. This paper bears all the earmarks of truth to my eye. It was my intention after the Anthony Wayne arrived at New York to go to the spot indicated by this paper and, by following the directions, made a careful search for the treasure. Heaven has willed otherwise. The treasure is not for me. Sooner than that the secret go to waste I have decided to turn it over to you, my lad, for you have been very kind to me since you found me drifting aimlessly about on the Sound. I have no kith or kin in this world. I am utterly alone. To you, then, I confide this secret. You shall be my heir—the heir to a million."

#### CHAPTER IV.—Captain Kidd's Treasure.

Heir to a million! Jack Ward caught his breath as those words struck upon his ear.

"You say that paper shows where the Kidd treasure lies buried?" said Jack, with great eagerness.

"It does," replied Dabney.

"And it is written in English?"

"It is?"

"Then I ought to be able to understand it, I suppose."

"Perhaps not."

"Why not?"

"Well, try and see if you can," was the answer, as Dabney feebly offered him the paper.

Jack took it eagerly and cast his bright eyes over the writing. This is what he saw:

First there was a rude drawing of a cap, then a four-footed animal that looked something like a goat by reason of a short beard that projected from its chin, then what seemed to be a pile of money. Then in writing:

"Cove Long I abt. 3 M, S by W Gardiners I. At high T 18 P from S in L with Coffin lid. Spyglass bearing S S W. Dig 6 F. skull 2 F."

That was all, and to say the truth it was not very clear to Jack.

"What do those pictures stand for?" he asked.

"That ought to be easy for a bright boy like you," replied the mate. "The first is a cap, the second is supposed to be a young goat, or kid, and the third a pile of money."

"Captain Kidd's money," cried Jack, eagerly.

"That's what it means."

Jack studied over the first lines of writing for a few moments, then said:

"It reads this way, I guess—'Cove, Long Island, about three miles south by west Gardiner's Island.'"

"That's right. Try the next."

"'At high T,' means tide, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"'At high tide 18 P—what does P mean?"

"Paces."

"'At high tide 18 paces from S—I'm stuck again. No, I'm not," he spoke up again, quickly. "S means shore, don't you think?"

"So I take it, and it's a natural conclusion."

"'In L with Coffin lid.' What do you make that out to be?"

"In line with a rock or some natural formation that resembles the lid of an old-fashioned coffin," replied Dabney. "That's the way I figured it out."

"Spyglass bearing south-southwest. Dig six feet. Skull two feet." Not very clear after all. What does it mean by 'Spyglass bearing south-southwest?'"

"Probably some natural object that looks like a spyglass, and which points in that direction when you stand in line with the coffin lid."

"'Dig six feet' is plain enough, but what does 'Skull two feet' mean?"

"I have thought it out to mean that after you dig six feet you will find a skull, and two feet below that the treasure."

"But why the skull?"

"To indicate that the digger is on the right track, probably."

Jack was going to ask some more questions, but he saw that the man was too exhausted to answer them.

While Dabney lay back on the locker with closed eyes, Jack proceeded to study out the meaning of the paper in detail. The following is what he arrived at:

That the treasure in question was buried in a certain cove at the eastern end of Long Island about three miles south by west from Gardiners Island. That the searcher must go down to the water line at the high-tide mark and, having placed himself in line with the edge of a certain rock whose flat face resembled the lid of the style of coffin known at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and making sure that a certain other rock or natural formation that looked something

like a spyglass bore south-southwest by compass, he must measure off 18 paces from the water line when he should come to the spot where he should dig for the treasure.

"It looks easy on paper now, but oh my, what a job it will be to locate exactly that spot where one must dig six feet to find the skull. Supposing all this is really true, it doesn't follow that after the lapse of two hundred years that the coffin-lid rock or the spyglass rock still stands to point the way to the treasure. If it wasn't for the astonishing coincidence between this matter and Professor Gregory's prophecy that I should come into a million this year, I'd consider my chances of ever finding Captain Kidd's treasure-trove very small indeed. But somehow or another I feel it in my bones that I'm up against the chance of my life. At any rate I mean to try and verify this document. If I actually find the coffin-lid rock and the spyglass curiosity on the ground I shall make a pretty tall effort to unearth that skull. If I find the skull the other two feet will be mighty interesting digging."

Jack put the paper very carefully away into an inner pocket of his jacket, and after a glance at Dabney, who seemed to be sleeping, he rejoined his companions in the cockpit. It was now half-past seven, the sun had set some little time and the shadows of coming night were beginning to settle upon the landscape. The yacht was well up the harbor and would be at her anchorage in a very short time.

"How is the mate of the Anthony Wayne now?" asked Dick.

"Sleeping, I guess."

"You've been a regular good Samaritan to him, haven't you?"

"I haven't done more than I ought to do," replied Jack.

"Well, you've lost half the fun of our cruise."

"I'll take the tiller, Joe, and bring the yacht up to her moorings. You'd better take the boat, Joe, and go and get Doctor Gale. The rest of us will stay aboard until you come back."

In a few minutes the Will o' the Wisp came to anchor, and while Dick and Sam were stowing the mainsail and jib, Tuttle started upon his mission.

#### CHAPTER V.—Going Out With the Tide.

Jack went into the cabin and lighted the swinging lamp. Then he looked to see how Dabney was.

The mate was lying as passive as ever, but his eyes followed the boy around the cabin. He motioned with his finger for the boy to bend down.

"Take good care of that paper," he whispered. "It ought to make you rich."

"I'll not lose it, you may depend," replied Dick.

"One thing more, my lad. Beware of Dacres and Sherlock. They've been on the track of this secret some time and tried to wrest it from me. I foiled them at the last moment by substituting a bogus paper for the genuine one in the lining of my jacket, which I felt sure they intended to search at the first chance."

"Do you mean the two men who were in the boat with you?" asked Jack.

"Yes," and he described the two men.

## HEIR TO A MILLION

Dabney had nothing more to say. In fact, he did not utter another word until Joe Tuttle returned to the yacht with Doctor Gale. The physician, who had already been informed by Joe of the circumstances of the case and had brought with him certain remedies which his judgment suggested, examined the mate and treated him as well as he could under the circumstances.

"If you think he can stand removal I will have him carried to our house," said Jack. "We have a spare room, and I know my mother will be glad to do what she can for him."

Before the doctor could make a reply, Dabney, with a grateful look at Jack, said:

"It's not worth while. Let me stay here. I feel I have only a few hours to live, and I would rather die on the water than elsewhere."

Doctor Gale nodded, as much as to say that it was best to humor the patient, and then took Jack aside.

"It's better he should remain here, as he hasn't one chance in a hundred of living out the night," he said to the boy. He is too far gone. You and one of your companions had better stay on board with him until the end comes. I will send a can of nourishing broth by a messenger which you will feed to him as often as he will take it. Give him the stimulants between times. If he should be alive in the morning send me word."

The doctor's statement was something of a shock to Jack, who had hoped Dabney would ultimately recover.

"You are sure there is very little hope for him?" he replied.

"So little that I shall be very much surprised if he outlives the night. He has been a man of great stamina; but no constitution can withstand what he has evidently gone through with. You will notice that he will begin to sink, slowly perhaps but surely, after midnight; and at the hour when human vitality is at its lowest ebb, probably between two and four, his life will go out like the snuffing of a candle."

"It is too bad," responded the young sailing-master.

The doctor looked at the mate once more, felt his pulse again, and then took his departure, promising to send the liquid nourishment within half an hour.

"I will have one of the boys waiting at the wharf in the boat," said Jack, as the doctor stepped into the boat.

The doctor nodded, and then Tuttle rowed him ashore. When Joe came back to the yacht, Jack stated the case to the boys and asked which one of them would remain with him during the night. He evidently expected Joe to volunteer, and was not disappointed. Dick and Sam were well pleased that he did, for the job did not appeal much to them.

"I'm much obliged to you, Joe," said Jack.

"Don't mention it," answered Tuttle, heartily.

"If you chaps are ging to stay aboard all night," said Dick, "how are you going to manage about your supper?"

"I was going to ask you to go to my house before you went home and tell my mother the reason why I won't be home, asking her to send some one down to the wharf with a little lunch for me,"

said Jack. "You, Sam, can do the same service for Joe, as his home is right on your way."

"We'll do it," replied both boys in a breath.

"Do you want me to call on Waddie and tell him about the matter?" asked Dick.

"I wouldn't bother him to-night. Time enough in the morning to tell him."

"All right," answered Dick.

"You might as well row Sam and Dick to the wharf now, Joe," said Jack. "And remain there till the doctor's messenger comes with the man's nourishment."

Joe was ready to do as he was told, and he soon landed their two companions on the dock. Jack passed the next thirty minutes between the cabin and the cockpit, at the end of which time Joe reappeared with a can of broth for the mate.

It was now dark and Joe, while Jack was in the cabin ministering to the dying man, lit the yacht's red lantern and hoisted it to the top of her mast. Tuttle, having nothing else to do, rowed to the wharf to wait for their expected lunches. His own was brought by his young brother, while Jack's came a few minutes later—the messenger being Mrs. Ward's next door neighbor's son, as it was too dark and lonesome a trip for Daisy, her daughter, to make at that hour.

The two boys ate their suppers out in the cockpit under the stars, and rather enjoyed the novelty of the al fresco meal, though the circumstances which had given rise to it kept their conversation and spirits rather subdued. David Dabney took his sustenance and the tonic between times as meekly as a little child, and spent the balance of the time dozing, for he appeared to have no further inclination to talk. Jack said nothing to Joe about the paper which made him heir to a possible million or something less, as he wanted to consider the whole thing carefully at his leisure, and make his plans looking toward its verification.

About eleven Joe grew so sleepy that his chum advised him to turn in on the other locker and go to sleep.

"If I should want you I can call you. There isn't any reason why you should remain awake," said Jack.

So Tuttle lay down on the locker opposite the dying sailor, and soon his deep breathing showed that he was asleep. It was now a lonesome and rather solemn vigil Jack had, but he found no fault with the part he had taken upon himself to perform. He owed something to this man. Whether or not he ever realized anything out of the paper the mate had given him, certain it is Dabney thoroughly believed in its value, and in bestowing it on Jack he believed in his own mind he was putting the boy in the way of a valuable heritage. Therefore Jack accepted the will for the deed, let the outcome be what it might. Just as the doctor had said, David Dabney gave signs of increasing weakness after the hour of midnight had passed. He refused all further nourishment, and would only take the tonic.

"Why bother with me further, lad?" he whispered about one o'clock. "I feel I am going. If I live an hour or two longer it will be the most I can pull through. It is a waste of effort to try and hold me back from what is inevitable. I

shall go out with the tide. Aye, aye; I shall go out with the tide."

Jack knew the tide was falling in the harbor, and it struck him that David Dabney had unconsciously indicated the hour of his death. Those were the dying man's last audible words, for after pressing the boy's hand feebly, he relapsed into a stupor from which he never rallied. At half-past three the tide was at its lowest ebb, and it was then that the fluttering soul of David Dabney, second mate of the ill-fated Anthony Wayne, passed away to meet his Maker.

#### CHAPTER VI.—The Last of David Dabney.

The first thing in the morning Jack Ward notified the Northcliffe authorities of the death of David Dabney, second mate of the brig Anthony Wayne which had gone down in a gale off the Bahamas. He told the story of picking the man up in the Sound on the afternoon previous while he with his three companions were on a short pleasure cruise in Waddie Wilcox's sloop yacht Will o' the Wisp.

Sunday afternoon all the village and the majority of the summer visitors expected to be present at a baseball game on the Northcliffe Oval between the Academy nine and the Northcliffe team. The Academy boys could only present a patched-up team, as half their regular players were enjoying their vacations elsewhere, and their places had been filled by the best talent the summer colony afforded, but they expected to win just the same.

Jack Ward was the twirler on whom they relied, and he was a crackerjack, you may well believe. He had the spit-ball down fine, and a fade-away drop that gave opposing batsmen a crick in the spine every time they reached for it. Pitcher Jack was expected to make up for the team's short-comings in other directions, and Joe Tuttle, his backstop, confidently assured all listeners that what his side partner wouldn't do to the Northcliffe team wasn't worth mentioning.

There was a small grandstand at the head of the vola, and this was reserved almost exclusively for the ladies. Squire Wilcox, however, had pre-empted the solitary private box for himself and his family, and as he was the most important personage in that locality, no one felt that there was any reason for a kick. Probably the reason why the squire had announced that he would honor the game with his presence was because Waddie, his son, was down on the score card as right field, and the great man expected Waddie would cover himself with glory. Some people, who thought Waddie put on altogether too many airs for a small youth, were mean enough to hint that about the only thing that Waddie would cover himself with that afternoon was dust.

Nannie Wilcox had also given out that she wouldn't miss the game for all the ice cream in the village. Whether it was the attraction of her brother's debut as an Academy fielder, or because handsome Jack Ward, the sailing-master of the Will o' the Wisp, was to be in the pitcher's box, is something the reader must judge for

himself. At any rate Jack was tickled to death when he heard she was going to be "among those prevent," and he forthwith resolved to do himself proud.

On the way home from the cemetery after assisting at the burial of David Dabney, Jack stopped at the post-office to get the family mail. The Wards subscribed to a New York daily, and that, if nothing else, was always in their box soon after the arrival of the first morning train. This time, in addition to the paper, there was a letter for his mother.

After waiting for the dinner to be put on the table, Jack opened the newspaper and interested himself in its contents. Among other things he noticed, with much interest, that some enterprising newspaper man, probably the editor of the Northcliffe Clarion, had sent to the New York paper an account of the rescue in the Sound of David Dabney, second mate, etc., who had subsequently died on board of the Will o' the Wisp, and was to be buried at the expense of the county. The writer gave due credit to Jack Ward, the young sailing-master of the yacht, and a resident for many years of Northcliffe, intimating that he had attended the dying mariner up to the last. The loss of the Anthony Wayne, the paper said, had already been reported a few days before by her captain and a remnant of the crew, who had arrived at Baltimore on the three-masted schooner Antietam, which picked them up at sea on the morning of such a date. All were thus accounted for except Carpenter Sherlock and Foremast-hand Dacres, and as they had been in the boat with Dabney, the inference was that they were lost.

"I wonder if they were lost?" mused Jack. "Or did they manage to get taken off in the night by some passing vessel leaving Dabney to his fate? If they did their arrival in one of our ports had not been announced. Maybe some vessel bound to foreign ports rescued them, and it may be many weeks before they will show up on this side of the Atlantic. Their fate does not interest me except so far as it is mixed up with this treasure matter. I certainly don't care to see them butting into what I now consider no one's business but my own."

Jack cut the article out of the newspaper and filed it away for future reference. By that time dinner was on the table and Jack sat down with a good appetite to partake of it.

"I'm going to see the game this afternoon, Jack," said his sister. "Do you expect to win?"

"Sure thing, Daisy. Why not?"

"I guess there'll be a big crowd on the Oval." "Bet your life there will."

"I suppose Nannie Wilcox will be there," she said with a sly look at her brother.

"Sure she will. Her brother is going to play on our team."

"Is that the reason she's going?" roguishly.

"That's one of the reasons, I guess."

"Is that the chief reason?"

"How should I know?"

"I imagined she was going to see you pitch."

"What makes you think that?" asked Jack, flushing up.

"A girl is generally more interested in somebody else's brother than her own."

"Are you, sis?" asked Jack, quickly, and with a grim chuckle.

"Of course not," replied Daisy, in some confusion.

"Honor bright now, Daisy; isn't it because Harry Case is on our team that you are going to see the game?"

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed, blushing rosily.

"What red cheeks we have," laughed Jack, mischievously.

"Mother, will you make Jack stop teasing me," cried Daisy Ward.

Mrs. Ward smiled indulgently, but didn't say anything.

"I'll be real angry with you, Jack, if you say another word," said his sister.

"All right, I'll be mum."

He winked so significantly at her that she threw a napkin at his head.

"If I told all I think about somebody and Nannie Wilcox you'd have a red face too, so there!" cried Daisy, triumphantly.

"Ho!" exclaimed Jack, "don't you believe it."

"But I do believe it. I can always tell when you expect to meet Miss Wilcox on the yacht."

"How can you?" asked Jack, looking at her sharply.

"I know."

"Then why don't you say what you know?"

"You're always extra particular about your uniform. And you wear your Sunday tie."

"Is that so, little smartie?"

"Yes, it's so. And you put essence of Jockey Club on your handkerchief."

"It seems to me you keep a sharp eye on my movements," grinned her brother.

"Anybody can see all that, it's so plain to be observed," laughed Daisy.

"You make me extremely weary, sis. By the way, I'm glad that you reminded me about my Jockey Club. I must hide it away, for ever since Harry Case has got into the habit of calling on you it's been disappearing at an alarming rate."

"What a fib! I've got my own perfume, if anybody should ask you."

"That's isn't saying but you find mine the better of the two," snickered Jack.

"Mother, did you hear that? He says I take his Jockey Club. Just as if I would do such a thing."

"Oh, I don't care; only please leave the bottle so I can get it filled again," chuckled the boy, rising from his chair.

He went to his room to put on his baseball suit, while Daisy helped her mother clear away and wash the dishes, after which she went to her own room to put on her prettiest gown for the afternoon, and also because she expected to meet Harry Case after the game.

The contest on the Oval that afternoon was like any well-played amateur baseball game. Jack Ward, with the knowledge that the eyes of pretty Nannie Wilcox was upon him, pitched the game of his life, and held his opponents to half a dozen scattered safe hits. The opposition pitcher was scarcely less successful, so that, as the general play was good, the score was low and close. It took ten innings to reach a conclusion, and then Jack Ward's home run drive after two had been put out broke up the game in the Academy's favor—the final score standing 3 to 2. Jack then had the pleasure of accompanying Nan-

nie Wilcox home, and that, with the honors of the game thick upon him, was satisfaction enough for one week.

## CHAPTER VII.—The Story of Captain Kidd.

Jack slept like a top that night, for he hadn't closed his eyes the previous night at all, and he had worked like a young Trojan that afternoon to win the game for the Academy team.

Sunday morning was well advanced when he awoke to eat a late breakfast and to find his sister and mother already dressed for the morning services at church. He attended Sunday-school as usual, and after it was over had the pleasure of walking home again with Nannie Wilcox, who looked uncommonly lovely in a new gown and rakish little hat to match. On his way home he got thinking about the paper given him by David Dabney.

"I wonder where I can get some information about the career of Captain Kidd," he mused. "I should like to get hold of something definite about the treasure he must have accumulated. Seems to me he must have had a great deal more than was recovered by the English governor."

From what source could he get the information he wanted? While considering this problem he thought of Professor Gregory, with whom he was a great favorite, and he determined to call on him that very afternoon and broach the subject. He found the professor in his study, surrounded by his books, his curios and his pets—a black dog, a white cat, a parrot and a squirrel.

"Glad to see you, Jack," exclaimed the learned gentleman, "take that arm-chair and make yourself at home. It's a remarkably mild day for the last of August, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young visitor. "I have called in quest of a little information, professor."

"I shall be very happy to furnish it if I can," was the cheerful response.

"I am not so sure that you will approve of the subject, sir," went on Jack, somewhat doubtfully.

"I can tell better when I hear what it is," replied the professor, blandly.

"That's right," admitted Jack. "Well, don't fall out of your chair when I tell you that I want to learn something of the career of Captain Kidd, the pirate."

"It is not particularly surprising that a lad of your nautical turn of mind should develop a curiosity about that marine freebooter. I will try and satisfy you as far as my knowledge of the redoubtable individual extends. It may surprise you to learn that he was the son of a Scotch minister; but he isn't the only son of a divine who has turned out in the end a great rascal."

"I have heard that remark made before, sir," grinned Jack.

"Very little, I believe, is known of Kidd's life before he came into historical prominence as the official instrument of the British crown for the extirpation of piracy on the high seas. It is said he was selected for this job because he had traded for many years among the pirates, in a little, rakish vessel that could sail into all kinds of waters. He knew all the haunts and lurking places of the rovers, and was always engaged in some kind of a mysterious voyage."

"He was a dandy individual to send out pirate hunting," chuckled Jack.

"King William of Orange who sat upon the English throne at that time, and who gave him his commission, probably acted upon the good old maxim of 'setting a rogue to catch a rogue.'"

"The maxim doesn't appear to have worked very well in Kidd's case," grinned Jack.

"It seems not. When Kidd sailed from Plymouth, England, in the spring of 1696, or it may have been 1695, I am not sure which, in an armed vessel called the Adventure, he carried with him two commissions from the king—one authorized him to suppress pirates; the other constituted him a privateer, for it was a remarkable year in those times when England was not at war with either France or Spain, or with both at the same time, for that matter. The rich Spanish galleons from Mexico and South America offered a tempting bait for British maritime enterprise. In those times it was but a slight step from the privateersman to the pirate; both fought for the love of plunder; only that the latter might be considered the bravest, as he dared both the enemy and the gallows."

"I always understood that a privateer was sent out as much from patriotic motives as for the purpose of raking in prize-money," said Jack.

"I guess profit and patriotism mingled in about equal proportions in a privateer's breast when the business was at its most respectable height, but in Captain Kidd's day it was little better than licensed piracy."

"How did the pirates manage to dispose of their plunder?" asked Jack. "Unless they could get rid of it, what good was it to them? I've heard a lot about them burying the money and valuable trinkets, but I've never heard much about them spending their profits."

"Your question practically leads up to the reason why the English government hired Captain Kidd to drive the buccaneers out of business. The easy access to the harbor of New York, the number of hiding places about its waters, and the laxity of its scarcely organized government, made the town a great rendezvous of the pirates, where they might dispose of their ill-gotten gains, and arrange new depredations.

"As they brought to New York wealthy cargoes of all kinds—the luxuries of the tropics, and the sumptuous spoils of the Spanish provinces—and disposed of them at half or quarter price to the wary merchant, they were welcome visitors to the thrifty traders of the town. To the inhabitants at large, however, they proved themselves a great nuisance, for it was their practise to squander their money in taverns, drinking, gambling, singing, swearing, shouting and disturbing the neighborhood with midnight brawl and ruffianly revelry. These excesses rose to such height as to become a scandal to the provinces, and to call loudly for the interposition of the government. Measures were accordingly taken to put a stop to the widely-extended evil, and among the agents employed to execute this purpose was the notorious Captain Kidd."

"Then when Captain Kidd left England for the American provinces he was an authorized agent of the English government?" remarked Jack.

"He was. He arrived with his ship at New York on the Fourth of July. As he brought

with him a French merchantman he had captured on the way, he met with a warm reception from the Colonial authorities. On the sixth of September of the same year," continued the professor, after taking a volume from one of his book shelves and consulting it, "he sailed from New York in the Adventure with a crew of 156 men. It would appear from the account of his life which I have here that while in New York he shipped his crew on new terms and enlisted a number of his old comrades—lads of the knife and pistol, which would go to show that he had already determined to branch out for himself as soon as he got into blue water once more."

"He must have had an awful nerve," said Jack.

"The maritime free-lances of that time suffered from no lack of nerve you may well believe, else they had stayed ashore. From captain down to cook they were a reckless, swaggering set, as the drawings of those days show. We have only a very slight account of what Captain Kidd was doing between the day he left New York and the first of July, 1699, when he landed in Boston. It seems to be generally understood, however, that instead of cruising against pirates, according to the terms of his commission, he turned pirate himself; steered to the Madeiras, to Bonavista, and Madagascar, and cruised about the entrance to the Red Sea. Here, among other maritime robberies, he captured a rich Quedah merchantman, manned by Moors, though commanded by an Englishman. After scouring the seas pretty thoroughly, and changing from ship to ship, Kidd had the hardihood to return to Boston, laden with booty, with a crew of swaggering companions at his heels."

"You say this vessel was laden with booty. Is that really a fact?" asked Jack eagerly, for that was the keynote of his visit to the professor's sanctum.

"It says so in this book, and is quite a natural supposition after three years of maritime depredation. He certainly ought to have had something handsome to show after all his plunderings.

"I should think so; yet I heard that only a little more than £14,000 in money was recovered after his capture."

"That seems to be true; and it always has been a great mystery what the bold captain did with his plunder, unless he buried it, as common report has it, which is quite probable. When Captain Kidd turned up at Boston he found times were changed. Buccaneers could not longer show a whisker in the colonies with impunity. The new governor, Lord Bellamont, had signaled himself by his zeal in extirpating these offenders; and was doubtless exasperated against Kidd, having been instrumental in appointing him to the trust he had betrayed. No sooner did the captain show himself in Boston than measures were taken to arrest him. The daring character which Kidd had acquired, however, and the desperate fellows who followed like bulldogs at his heels, caused a little delay in his arrest. It is probable in view of the small amount of his plunder afterward found that he took advantage of this to hide the greater part of his treasure in some safe spot."

As the professor uttered these words Jack's eyes fairly glistened with excitement, and his blood quickened in his veins.

"He was finally arrested and thrown into prison," continued Professor Gregory, "together with a number of his followers. Such was the formidable character of this pirate and his crew that it was thought advisable to despatch a frigate to bring them to England. Great exertions were made to screen him from justice, but in vain; he and his comrades were tried, condemned and hanged at Execution Dock, in London. Kidd died hard, for the rope with which he was first tied up broke with his weight, and tumbled to the ground. He was tied up a second time and more effectually; hence came the story of Captain Kidd having a charmed life, and that he had been twice hanged."

"You never heard, did you, that any large amount of Kidd's treasure, other than what was recovered at the time by the Earl of Bellamont, was ever found?" inquired Jack, anxiously.

"Never. Had such been the case it certainly would have become known. The report of his having buried great treasures of gold and jewels before his arrest set the brains of the good people along the coast from New York to Boston in a ferment. For a long time there were rumors on rumors of big sums of money found here and there—sometimes on Long Island, sometimes along the shores of Connecticut and Cape Cod Bay—but I fancy they had no foundation in fact. If Captain Kidd really did bury the bulk of his spoils in some solitary, unsettled place, it is there still."

"You really think so, professor?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And some day it will be unexpectedly recovered."

The professor shrugged his shoulders as if he thought the chance of such a thing was very remote indeed. Jack saw that he had obtained all the information about the notorious Captain Kidd that Professor Gregory could give him, and soon afterward he got up, thanked the learned gentleman for his kindness, and took his leave.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.—The Unexpected that Always Happens.

When Jack returned home to tea his mind was full of Captain Kidd and buried treasure. In fact, he could think of nothing else, and both his mother and sister remarked the strangeness of his demeanor.

"What's the matter with you, Jack," asked Daisy. "You have hardly spoken a word since you came back from Professor Gregory's house. Has he been giving you a lecture that you are so serious?"

"Oh, no. He never lectures me," replied the boy.

"You're one of the lucky few. I've heard some of the boys call the professor an old crank."

"They don't know what they are talking about."

"That's what I thought, for I've always found Professor Gregory to be a perfect gentleman."

"That's what he is," replied Jack, rising from the table and going to his room.

Our hero had quite a little library of his own, and among his most treasured books was a set of Washington Irving's works. After light-

ing his student lamp he went to his bookshelves and took down "Tales of a Traveler."

In the back part of this book was a short series of stories under the general title of "The Money-Diggers." It was prefaced by some remarks about "Kidd the Pirate," and Jack was soon deeply interested in the said introduction. Practically it was a repetition of a part of what the boy had learned from Professor Gregory that afternoon. After a brief outline of Kidd's history from Irving's point of view, the author went on to speak about the booty that rascal was supposed to have collected throughout his three years' course of crime.

"Some reported the treasure to have been buried in solitary, unsettled places, about Plymouth and Cape Cod; but by degrees various other parts, not only on the east coast, but along the Sound, and even of Manhattan and Long Island, were gilded by these rumors. In fact, the ridiculous measure of Lord Bellamont spread sudden consternation among the buccaneers in every part of the provinces; they secreted their money and jewels in lonely out-of-the-way places, about the wild shores of the rivers and seacoast, and dispersed themselves over the face of the country. The hand of justice prevented many of these from ever returning to regain their buried treasures, which remained, and remain probably to this day, objects of enterprise for the money-digger."

Jack, after reading that paragraph, closed the book and brought forth the mysterious paper which had come to him in such a strange way. He studied it carefully to see if he could distinguish any of the earmarks of a hoax in it, but he could not. The longer he pondered over it the most certain he became that the document was intended to convey genuine information.

"Well," he said, refolding it and putting it away at the bottom of a drawer, "I mean to look into this cove which lies three miles south by west of Gardiners. If I find that coffin lid and the spyglass, I'll know I'm on the right track."

That night Jack's slumbers were invaded by fantastic dreams. First he thought was aboard of the Will o' the Wisp, sailing on the calm, moonlit surface of the Sound, with Nannie Wilcox as his only passenger and companion. That was a very pleasant dream indeed. It wasn't so pleasant, however, when Nannie suddenly turned into the form of David Dabney, more skeleton-like than ever, and he found the yacht sailing into a little sandy cove that looked as lonesome and barren as a desert island. The yacht seemed to sail right up on the hard, yellow shore, and then Dabney pointed shoreward with his long, skinny finger, and Jack saw a coffin-shaped rock which slowly swung around until its narrow end was in a line with his eye.

A short distance to the right he perceived another singular-looking rock that rose out of a dense mass of brush and wild vegetation. A long, attenuated, ribbed arm of stone shot out from it, pointing across its landscape, and it looked for all the world like a gigantic telescope. As Dabney nodded at those landmarks he seemed to melt away gradually until Jack found himself alone, no longer on the yacht but beside a gaping hole in the upper part of the beach. All at once he was conscious that he was not alone. Seated on a stone hard by was

a medium sized man dressed in the old style of a gentleman's costume, somewhat modified by sailor's patterns. A great cocked-hat covered his head; his full-skirted coat had enormous pocket-flaps and buttons as large as a silver half-dollar; his waistcoat was very long; short trousers, reaching only to the knee, were not confined there, but were full at the ends; and he wore long stockings and low shoes, with large, square, silver buckles.

This old-time mariner wore a cheerful grin on his smoothly shaven face, which showed the impress on both time and constant exposure to the elements. Somehow or another Jack seemed to understand that he was gazing upon the redoubtable Captain William Kidd. Close by were several sailors in the outlandish costume of the end of the seventeenth century. They had spades in their hands and were in the act of filling up the hole. At the edge of the beach was an ungainly-looking boat; and a short distance from the shore was anchored a small fore-and-aft vessel, whose name Jack appeared to realize rather than see was the San Antonia. A black flag flapped from the jibboom, bearing a horrid picture of a skull and crossbones in ghastly white. It all looked very real to Jack—as real as anything he had ever seen in his life.

Suddenly the scene underwent a perceptible change, though the locality still was the same. Captain Kidd, the hole, his crew, the boat, and the distant vessel, with its piratical emblem, all had vanished. The water and the shore remained the same; the coffin lid and the spyglass seemed less distinct in shape; the vegetation looked different. As Jack was trying to account for the transformation he saw two men in tattered modern seaman's attire step out from among the bushes and look around them. The dreamer seemed to identify them at once, though he had never seen them before. Their names—Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres—formed unspoken on his lips. They were wicked-looking chaps—each with a sailor's knife in a sheath slung about his waist. They appeared to be industriously hunting for some signs that baffled them. And while Jack watched them he awoke and found it had all been a dream.

It was some time before he fell asleep again, for his fancy almost peopled the dark, silent chamber with phantoms of the pirate Kidd and his crew, while he half-expected to see Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres start out from behind some pieces of furniture. During the remainder of the night his slumber was dreamless, and when he next awoke the morning sun was shining brightly in at his chamber windows.

His sister pounded on his door to tell him that breakfast was ready, so he popped out of bed and hurried on his clothes. Just before he started to go downstairs he glanced out of the window. The houses were well-scattered in that section of Northcliffe, and directly opposite the Ward cottage was quite a vacant plot of ground. A big oak tree stood on the road line and its spreading branches afforded shelter from both sun and rain. Jack had taken the liberty to build a seat partly around the tree, and his sister and mother frequently went there to do their sewing on a hot afternoon.

As our hero glanced across the way he saw that the seat was graced by a pair of trampish

looking characters. His eyes had hardly rested on them before they stood up, turned their faces toward him for an instant, and then slowly sauntered away. A thrill of dismay went through him like a galvanic shock, for these two men, in face, figure and dress, were the exact counterpart of the figures he had seen in his dream and identified as Gabe Sherlock, the carpenter, and Bill Dacres, the foremast hand, of the ill-fated brig Anthony Wayne.

#### CHAPTER IX.—On the Track of the Million.

"Well, I call this hard luck for those rascals to turn up just at the moment when I was going to investigate that treasure for myself," muttered Jack. "I can easily guess what has brought them down this way. They are on a tramp to the eastern end of the island to try and locate that cave for one thing, after which they intend to go on a still hunt for the treasure itself. And they might possibly hit upon the right spot by accident, although they are not so fortunate as I am to possess the ~~real~~ directions that point the way to the trove. I have no time to lose, if I am going to get ahead of them. They've got all of a seventy-mile tramp ahead of them. That'll take them two days to cover. I'll get Joe to go along with me and we'll take a train down to Hicksville this morning, where we can make connection with the south-shore line at Babylon for Sag Harbor. We'll take our wheels along and ride across to the southern shore of Gardiners Bay. From that point we can begin a search for the cave in the neighborhood of which I expect to find the coffin lid and spy-glass rocks. It will be quite a little excursion for us, and will just suit Joe immensely. If Waddie Wilcox wants to go out on his yacht while I'm away he can hire a boatman down at one of the wharves."

Jack went to breakfast full of the idea he had in his mind. He couldn't help betraying his excitement, and Daisy wondered what scheme he had outlined for the day's enjoyment, for she knew that her brother had a fertile brain for originating plans that generally ensured a good time.

"What's in the wind to-day, Jack?" she asked curiously.

"Nothing that would interest you, Daisy," he replied.

"How do you know it wouldn't?" she retorted in a piqued tone.

"I know it wouldn't."

"I think a good brother should give his sister a little of his confidence. Are you going to take Nannie Wilcox somewhere?"

Jack shook his head.

"Perhaps it's a stag party. Some little expedition you and Joe Tuttle, and some of the other boys, are bound on. Am I right?"

"Only partly. The fact of the matter, sis, is that I am going right over to Tuttle's house to try and persuade him to go down to Sag Harbor with me."

"Sag Harbor! My gracious! That's a long distance. When do you expect to get back? I suppose not till after tea."

"I don't expect to return before to-morrow night at the earliest."

"What's taking you down to Sag Harbor?"

"I expect the train will take us there," replied Jack, with a grin.

"Aren't you horrid!" Daisy said, with a frown and a pout.

"You oughtn't to be so curious, Daisy. Little girls should be seen and not heard."

"The idea! Aren't you complimentary?"

"Well, do you want to go along with us to Sag Harbor?" snickered Jack.

"Certainly not."

"Then what are you kicking about?"

"I'm not making any fuss that I know of. I don't care where you boys go."

"But you're just dying to know what object I have in going down to the eastern end of the island."

"Isn't it natural I should, you good-for-nothing boy?"

"That's right. A girl wouldn't be a real girl if she wasn't blessed with a big bump of curiosity."

"I like that. I suppose you boys are never afflicted that way?"

"Not to the same extent as girls."

"You think yourselves young lords of creation, don't you?"

"Well, aren't we? Man was created first. Woman was an afterthought."

"Afterthought or not, it is a sign man could not get along without us," triumphantly.

"You tell it well, sis. What does Rudyard Kipling call you? 'A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair.' What have you to say to that?"

"I think Mr. Kipling was no gentleman to write such a thing," she responded indignantly. "I'll bet you wouldn't address such a comparison to Nannie Wilcox. You'd just fall all over yourself to reach her side if she whistled for you. Boys are just too conceited for anything."

"Does that apply to me?"

"If the cap fits you are at liberty to put it on," she responded with some dignity.

"How about Harry Case?" grinned Jack.

"There are exceptions to every rule."

"Just consider me one of the exceptions then. Sorry, I've got to leave thee, sis; but time and opportunity wait for no man, or boy, either. I suppose you remember my telling you that Professor Gregory when he read my horoscope said I was heir to a million?"

"I remember, and I thought it was the most ridiculous thing I had ever heard. I am surprised that Professor Gregory should make such a statement."

"I presume you also recollect that he said I was going to get the million before the year was out?"

"More nonsense!"

"Maybe you'll have cause to change your mind before many moons. The cause of my journey to Sag Harbor is my earnest desire to get on the track of that million. It is not improbable that before I get back I shall know something more about that million than I do now. Good-morning, sis, and a pleasant day to you."

Jack walked deliberately out of the room, leaving his sister very much mystified over the climax of his remarks. He went to his room, made all his preparations for the trip he had in mind, then got his wheel and rode to Tuttle's house, where he found his chum in the yard.

"Turned carpenter, have you?" grinned Jack. "What do you call that thing you're putting together?"

"This is a house for my rabbits," replied Joe.

"Nearly done?"

"Yes. Anything on the cards for to-day?"

"I'm going down to Sag Harbor. Will you come?"

"Sag Harbor!" exclaimed Joe in surprise. "What's going on there?"

"Nothing that I'm aware of."

"Then why are you bound down there?"

"Can you keep a secret, Joe?"

"Sure I can."

"Then I'll tell you. I'm on a still hunt after that million Professor Gregory promised me."

"Come off. What are you giving me?"

"I'm not joking," protested Jack, without a smile. "I want you to help me find it. I'll give you one-tenth of the spoils if you stand by me. If they pan out as they ought to you'll find yourself worth \$100,000."

"One would think money was no object to you," grinned Joe.

"A fellow can afford to be liberal when he's heir to a million."

"Are you going to stand the expenses of this trip?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'm with you provided you let me pay half. You don't imagine I'll let you stand for everything, do you?"

"I've invited you, therefore it's my place to pay the damage. I've got the price, all right, don't you worry."

"But I want to put up my share," protested Joe.

"Oh, forget it, Joe. Get your wheel and come along."

"Do you mean to pedal down to Sag Harbor?"

"Oh, no; we're going by train."

"Then why—"

"Our wheels? Well, there's a ten mile or more jaunt ahead of us after we reach the town."

"All right," said Joe, starting for the house.

"Tell your folks where you're going, and that you may not get back till to-morrow," shouted Jack after him.

In a little while Tuttle reappeared with his bicycle, and the chums started for the station together. They caught the first train for New York, and rode to Hicksville Junction, where they changed for Babylon, and were so fortunate as to make direct connection with the morning express for Sag Harbor. They reached the terminus of the line before one o'clock, and went to a restaurant for dinner.

#### CHAPTER X.—A Relic of Captain Kidd.

"Where are we bound now, Jack?" asked Tuttle, as the two boys came out of the restaurant on the principal street of the curious old town of Sag Harbor, which lies at the head of Gardiner's Bay. Sixty-odd years ago it was a leading whaling station, but its maritime importance has long since ceased, and it would be altogether dead to the world only that summer travel sets in its direction.

"I'll let you know just as soon as I've made a few inquiries," answered his companion.

The restaurant proprietor had directed Jack to a certain store, the owner of which was familiar with the points the boy wanted to learn, and the lads mounted their wheels and rode there. The storekeeper looked to be one of the oldest inhabitants. He was short and square built in stature, sported a tangled white beard with a few hairs of similar color lying lonesome like on the top of his head. His store wasn't much larger than a good-sized packing box, and his stock in trade was chiefly made up of fishing outfits. He also sold bait and general information. Jack invested a quarter and found out all he wanted to know. That it was about twelve miles to a point on Gardiner's Bay bearing west by south of Gardiner's Island.

That the best way for the boys to reach that point on the shore was by the way of the quaint old village of Easthampton.

"Say," said Joe, when they left the shop, "what do you want to go over to that part of Gardiner's Bay for, anyway?"

"To look up that million that's coming to me." Tuttle looked at his chum quizzically.

"That imaginary million seems to have turned your brain, old fellow," he said. "What do you really expect to find on the bay shore?"

"A treasure worth a million."

"I wish you'd quit kidding me," grumbled Joe. "I'm not kidding you, Joe," replied Jack, earnestly.

"Then I don't know what you mean by talking such nonsense."

"Just wait till we're out of the town limits and I'll explain the whole thing," replied Jack.

"I wish you would, then maybe I'll be able to see what you're driving at."

Fifteen minutes later they were pedaling along the highroad toward Easthampton.

"Now," commenced Jack, "I'm going to tell you a remarkable coincidence in connection with Professor Gregory's assertion, based on my horoscope, that I am heir to a million, and that I am going to come into that million very soon."

"I'd like to hear it," grinned Joe.

"I want you to promise never to breathe a word about what I am going to tell you unless you have my permission to do so."

"I promise," answered Tuttle, his curiosity fully aroused.

"This coincidence is connected with the fate of the late David Dabney, whom we rescued on the Sound last week."

"You don't say."

"Strange as it may seem, he possessed a document which pointed out the spot where he confidently believed a million or more dollars' worth of money and other valuables have lain buried in a cove of Gardiner's Bay for two whole centuries."

"Whispering whiskers! Is that a fact?" gasped Joe, his eyes bulging like those of a lobster.

"I have that paper in my pocket at this moment, for feeling sure that he was going to die, and consequently that it would be of no use to him, he made me a present of it, or, in his own words, made me heir to a million."

"This begins to look interesting," said Tuttle. "Going to let me see that paper?"

"Certainly. I'm going to take you in partnership in this matter to the extent of one-tenth

of whatever we may find. Are you satisfied with that division of the possible spoils?"

"Sure I am."

"If it should really turn up a million you would be entitled to \$100,000 worth, don't you see?"

"Hopping bullfrogs! A hundred thousand dollars! That's a mint of money."

"It's enough to start a bank with."

Thereupon Jack confided to his chum the story of the clue to Captain Kidd's treasure as related to him by David Dabney while the yacht was returning to her anchorage in Northcliffe harbor. Joe was thoroughly astonished and not a little excited by the narrative.

"Looks as if there might be something in it," he said. "I've heard a heap about treasure buried on this island by Captain Kidd, though I've never learned that any great amount of money was ever found. My father told me that when he was a boy he discovered some mysterious marks on a big tree near the north shore which he pointed out to the farmer he was working for, and that it led to a lot of useless digging in the neighborhood on the supposition that the marks indicated the presence of buried treasure somewhere about there. Nothing was found, however."

"Well, Joe, the object of this little journey is to try and find the cove and the rocks which resemble a coffin lid and a spy-glass. If we find them that will be some evidence of the truthfulness of the document, for it was copied from the original paper written 200 years ago, and which has ever since remained a curiosity in an old convent in the town of Setabal, Portugal. I looked the place up in my atlas and found it was on the Bay of Setabal, across the peninsula from Lisbon."

"I'm as anxious to reach the southern end of Gardiner's Bay now as you are," said Tuttle, with a glistening eye.

"Now, I'll tell you about something else in connection with this treasure, and it's the unpleasant part of it."

"What's that?" asked Joe, anxiously.

"There are two rascally sailors who have their eye on it also."

"How do you know that?"

Jack told him what little he knew about Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres.

"Maybe they were drowned, for they were not in the boat when we picked her up."

"They are not drowned."

"What makes you think they're not?" asked his chum, in some surprise.

"Because I saw both of them this morning sitting under the old oak tree in front of our house."

"The dickens you did!" gasped Joe, much astonished.

Then Jack related his dream of the previous night, and how when he was dressing himself that morning he happened to glance out of his windows and saw the very rascals resting themselves under the tree.

"Gee! This looks like business. Seems to confirm the whole yarn."

"It does that."

By this time they were in sight of Easthampton, and ere long were spinning up the wide main street of the village, with its double border of great overhanging elm trees. Some of the houses in this place are of modern Queen Anne build,

but most of them are old homes of a century ago, with the quaint old gables and shingled roofs. The boys continued straight on to Amagansett, two miles east, and then turned off northward towards Gardiner's Bay. Within half an hour they caught sight of the distant waters, and made a spurt in their eagerness to reach their destination.

Finally they reached the smooth, hard beach, and after traveling perhaps a mile along it, they came to a cove which somehow or another looked familiar to Jack's eyes, though he had never been in that neighborhood in his life.

"I'll bet this is the very spot we've come to find," he said, with eagerness.

"What makes you think so? I don't see any coffin-shaped or spyglass rock around here," returned Joe.

"I kind of feel it in my bones."

"Does it look like what you saw in your dream?"

"By George! That's it! It seemed as if I had been here before," cried Jack, excitedly.

"Well, then let's sit down and rest a while. I'm tired," said Joe, suiting the action to the word by dropping his wheel on the beach and squatting down himself.

Jack followed suit, while his eyes roamed all around for a sight of the curiously shaped rocks he confidently expected to find. As far as he could see from his present line of vision no such things were in view. It was a calm, still afternoon. Gardiner's Bay lay spread out before them without a wave or even a ripple.

"It's like a big looking-glass, isn't it?" remarked Joe, picking up a pebble and tossing it upon the surface of the water.

It fell with a light splash.

"I'll bet you couldn't find the hole that dropped into if you search for a month," he grinned, while they both watched the ever widening circle caused by the stone.

After a time Joe got up and walked down to the water's edge.

"We ought to take a swim before we start to hunt for those rocks. We'll feel ever so much better after it," he said longingly.

"I'm with you," replied Jack.

Inside of three minutes they had their clothes off and were enjoying their bath in great shape. They stayed in ten minutes and then as they started to wade ashore Joe uttered a sudden howl.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Jack.

Joe was standing on one foot in a few inches of water while he was holding the other up and feeling of it.

"I stepped on something sharp," replied Joe. "Thought a crab had nipped me."

He looked down into the water, then bent down and hauled up a fantastic-looking object. It was a long pistol of very curious and outlandish fashion, which from its rusted condition, and its stock being worm-eaten and covered with barnacles, appeared to have lain a long time under water.

"Gee whiz!" cried Joe. "Here's a real relic of Captain Kidd."

## CHAPTER XI.—The Coffin Lid and the Spyglass.

The name of the maker, coupled with the word "Cadiz," seemed to show that the weapon was of Spanish workmanship.

"It couldn't have been in the sand all these years or it wouldn't have got all those barnacles on it," said Joe.

"That's right. It has been washed inshore recently from somewhere out in the bay," replied Jack.

"Do you think it belonged to the Kidd crowd?"

"That is impossible to say, but I think we may take it for granted that it did if we find the Kidd treasure buried in this vicinity."

"It's quite a curiosity anyway. I mean to carry it home."

"You ought to present it to Professor Gregory. It will look well in his collection of antiques."

"I'll think about it."

They donned their garments and were then ready to hunt for the oddly-shaped stones.

"I'll see how this cove bears from Gardiner's Island," said Jack, taking a small compass from his pocket.

He placed it on the beach.

"South by west," he added. "That's just what the paper says."

"At what hour is the tide at its highest notch?" asked Joe.

"It varies about an hour every day. To-day it will be high tide at 4:34. To-morrow at 5:40," answered Jack, after consulting his memorandum book.

"It must be half-past four now easily enough," replied Joe.

"It is twenty minutes of five," answered Jack, looking at his watch.

Joe stuck a stick into the sand to mark the water's edge. Then he walked a hundred feet away and stuck another one down. After that he fixed a third one further on and then rejoined his companion.

"That ought to be something of a guide if we find those stones," he said.

"In my dream I could find the Coffin Lid and the Spyglass from the beach," remarked Jack.

"Maybe they're behind the shrubbery on the bluff," suggested Joe.

"Then we'll go up there and look."

What Joe alluded to as a bluff was only a low bit of rising ground at the head of the beach. The boys soon clambered up its face and pushed their way through the tangled mass of wild vegetation.

"Hurrah!" cried Joe, cutting a caper. "There's your spyglass or I'm a liar."

He pointed out a tall rock from the top of which a long arm shot out at right angles. It also bore some resemblance to a railroad semaphore signal, or a stretch of the imagination might have converted it into a rude imitation of a gallows with the brace missing.

"That's the Spyglass, sure enough," nodded the delighted Jack. "Then the Coffin Lid can't be far away."

They looked first to the south, but there wasn't a large rock in sight. Then they turned in the other direction, but a line of trees cut off their view. They walked along till they passed the trees when they came upon the Coffin Lid rock

with startling suddenness. It was a tall rock, narrow, except where it bulged out near the top, forming the likeness of an old-fashioned coffin, and was not over five inches thick. It scarcely looked like the work of nature.

"How much would you take for your share of the treasure now, Jack?" asked Joe.

"I don't think I'd like to sell out," was the answer.

"Let's get in line with the Coffin Lid and walk back to the beach. It will be necessary to cut away a part of that rank vegetation in order to make our bearings exact," said Joe.

"Our bearings will have to be exact or we'll only waste time digging in the wrong place," put in Jack.

They paused on the edge of the tangled growth which rose between them and the beach.

"From this point we are looking straight at the edge of the Coffin Lid. Now how does the Spyglass bear by compass?" asked Joe.

Jack walked straight to the rock where Joe stood.

"Sou'-sou'west," he said on his return.

"That's how it should point according to the paper, isn't it?"

"Exactly."

"Then the paper doesn't lie even in one detail, which proves that somebody many years ago took those bearings for some purpose."

"I agree with you."

"Now then, march ahead as straight as you can and we will be able to get an idea about where the hole was dug two hundred years ago," said Joe.

They pushed through the vegetation, walked down the shelving bluff and stood on the beach once more.

"Now stand where you are, Jack, and I'll pace off the ground to a line with the stakes I drove down by the water's edge."

Joe carried out his plan and counted off twenty paces.

"Walk two paces ahead, Jack. That's right. Now if we could see the edge of the Coffin Lid from here you would be standing exactly above the treasure, provided my paces correspond with those of the man who made the original measurement. I'm going to jab a stick down here anyway in order to see how near I have come to it when we return here to-morrow better prepared to get the right bearings."

"You've got a great head, Joe," laughed Jack, as his companion drove a stick into the sand, and then rolled a piece of decayed log against it, the better to mark the spot.

"That's what my father says, only he qualifies it by adding there isn't much in it."

"Your father does you an injustice," chuckled his chum.

"That's my opinion, and I'm going to prove it to him some day."

"We've done all we can to-day," said Jack, "and it's been very satisfactory in my opinion, so we may as well go back to Easthampton, and stay there all night. Then in the morning we'll take the first train for Babylon and home."

"What for?" asked Joe, in surprise. "Aren't you going to try and get at that treasure while we're on the ground? We can buy a sharp axe to clear away the vegetation, and a shovel to

dig with, at Easthampton, and come out in the morning."

"Of course we can, but what's the use? Suppose we get the exact bearings and unearth a box or chest, isn't it likely to be too heavy for us to bring to the surface? And even if we managed to break it open in the hole how could we carry its contents away with us?"

"Gee! I never thought of that," replied Joe, his countenance falling. "What are we going to do, then?"

"My plan is this," said Jack. "We'll go home, borrow Tom Weatherbee's catboat, put aboard of her such tools as we think we'll need, also eatables for several days, and sail around here. I shall also take my shotgun and a revolver that belonged to be father, to be prepared to stand off Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres if they show up while we're here. Then if we find the treasure we can load it aboard the boat and carry it home, and no one need to be the wiser."

"That's first-class," agreed Joe; "but don't you think we ought to bring somebody else along to help us out in case those rascals should attack us?"

"No. I don't believe they'll have any other arms than sailors' knives. Our shooters will keep them at a distance if they should try to interfere."

"But they might come down on us in an apparently friendly way. In that case we couldn't shoot, and then before we knew where we were they could close in on us suddenly, and do us up."

Jack hadn't considered that phase of the situation, and the possibility of such a thing happening rather interfered with his calculations.

"I'll have to think it over, Joe," he said. "Come on, let's get a move on. I am feeling hungry, and we can't get back to Easthampton any too soon to suit me."

They walked their wheels up the beach to the point where they first struck the shore, and then mounting them started off back the way they had come at a good clip.

## CHAPTER XII.—Beginning Operations.

The boys reached home by noon the following day, and Jack lost no time in making preparations to return in proper shape to recover Captain Kidd's treasure if it really was buried where the document indicated that it was. He induced Tom Weatherbee to loan his catboat, Sally Ann, and anchored her off the point, within a quarter of a mile of the Ward cottage. Joe had contributed a sharp hatchet and an axe, while Jack furnished a pair of shovels. Each provided a lantern; also a fair share of provisions. Then there was tackle and three stout pieces of wood to attach the main pulley to after the form of the three-cornered uprights of the witch's kettle. Each of the pulleys had three wheels so as to make work easier on the muscles of the boys, though slower in execution, and the lower pulley was fitted with a hook.

After an early supper at home the boys pulled out to her, and set sail out of the harbor. By sundown they were out on the Sound heading east. They had a very fair wind to push them

along, and the catboat carried a small bone in her teeth, heeling well to starboard.

"At this rate we ought to be into Gardiner's Bay by sunrise," remarked Joe.

Jack, who held the tiller in his hand, nodded.

"Do you think those two rascals will get there ahead of us?" said Joe.

"Not if they're obliged to walk the whole distance," replied Jack. "They may, however, get a lift now and then in a farm wagon, or they may be able to steal a ride on a freight train to Greenport."

"That would take them out of their way."

"They could cross on the ferry to the Prospect House wharf on Shelter Island, walk to the other end of the island, and get somebody to row them across the strait, from which point they could easily walk to Sag Harbor. From that town they would, of course, take the most direct route across the eastern end of the island to Gardiner's Bay. However, I hardly think they'll go that way. I'll wager they're a cute pair of rascals, though I must admit that their presence in Northcliffe shows that they branched away from the most direct route to their destination."

"How do you know but they saw that account of David Dabney's rescue and subsequent death in the newspaper, and that they came to Northcliffe on purpose to see if they could find out what had become of the document he hoodwinked them out of?"

"That's right. It is quite a reasonable supposition. I'll bet that's just what brought them to Northcliffe."

"You saw them in front of your cottage, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised if they wanted to see you."

"To see me!" exclaimed Jack, a bit startled. "What put that in your head?"

"Why, your name was in the paper as having attended Dabney up to his death. They might have suspected that the mate may have turned the paper over to you when he found he was dying, just as he actually did. Did your mother or sister tell you that any one called to see you while you were away?"

"Why, yes. Sis told me that a seafaring man called at the cottage and inquired for me soon after I left yesterday morning. She said he was a stranger, who didn't leave his name, and I didn't bother her about particulars, as I was so eager to get off on our trip."

"That was one of those chaps, you may depend on it. They missed you, however, because you got away from the village so early."

"It's a wonder, then, they didn't hang around waiting for me to get back."

"How do you know but what they did? How do you know but they watched us load the stuff on this catboat, and guessed the errand we were about to embark on? How do you know but they are hurrying after us, by train, perhaps, if they have the price, and that we may find them waiting on the ground ready to pounce on us when we land at the cove? I tell you, old chap, we can't be too much on our guard."

"You're putting it pretty strong, Joe," said Jack, evidently much impressed by his chum's suggestions. "We'll have to keep our weather-eye lifted for fair. I almost wish now that I

had pressed in a third party. I would have done so, only the fewer you have in a project of this kind the less chance the secret has of leaking out."

The boys continued to discuss the probability of a meeting with Sherlock and Dacres at the cove, and the means they would adopt to avoid a run-in with them, until ten o'clock, when Joe turned in for a two-hour snooze, as it was arranged between them that Tuttle should stand watch and steer between midnight and four in the morning.

The wind held fair and the night was fine, so that Jack had no trouble holding the catboat down to her course during the two hours he remained alone at the helm.

His thoughts, as a matter of course, were largely employed in speculating upon the treasure he confidently expected to unearth in the cove.

"I wonder if there is really a million dollars' worth of coin and valuables hidden in the sand there?" he asked himself. "A million seems a lot of money even at this day, but Captain Kidd could easily have acquired several millions in coin and pieces of eight, as they were called in those days, when one considers the chance he had at those rich Spanish galleons. I haven't the least doubt but he kept the larger part of the booty intact, intending to get away with it for his own private advantage. When he came back to the colonies here, and found that his actions in foreign waters were viewed with suspicion, it would only have been a natural precaution on his part to have hidden the bulk of his treasure where his enemies were not likely to find it. It will be a great find if Joe and I secure it."

When twelve o'clock came around, Jack aroused his companion to take his spell at the tiller, and then lay down on one of the narrow bunks in the cuddy.

He was asleep in five minutes.

Joe found his lonesome watch anything but entertaining.

He also made a mental calculation as to the amount of the treasure supposed to be buried in the cove, and wondered what he would do with his share if it amounted to any very considerable sum. Several times he caught himself nodding at his post and recovered himself with a start to find the mainsail flapping and the boat slightly off her course.

When he called Jack at four a. m., the boat was approaching Orient Point, the easternmost end of the northern arm of the island. Jack steered the Sally Ann through the passage known as Plum Gut, which lies between Orient Point and Plum Island.

This brought the boat into Gardiner's Bay, and then Jack held a course almost due south for the southern arm of Long Island.

The cove he intended to reach was about ten miles away.

The sun rose at twenty minutes past five, by which time they were close to their destination.

According to the almanac the morning tide was at its highest point at 6:15.

At a quarter of six Jack ran the Sally Ann into the cove, cast overboard the anchor and then awakened his companion.

The first thing they did was to row ashore in the small boat and take a good view of the neighborhood, with an eye to Sherlock and Da-

eres. There was no signs to show that those individuals had found their way to that locality, and the boys felt greatly relieved.

By this time it was high tide, and Joe examined the water line with much interest to see how it corresponded with an imaginary line drawn through the three stakes he had planted thirty-seven hours before, and found that they practically filled the bill.

"By running a line from one of the outer stakes to the other, Jack," he said, "we will have the high tide mark, so we can begin operations when we choose without further reference to the action of the water."

Jack nodded, and suggested that they return to the boat and have their breakfast.

There was an oil stove and sundry kitchen utensils aboard which Tom Weatherbee carried with him on his fishing cruises, and the boys utilized these to cook a pot of coffee and fry some fish which Jack had secured on his sail across the bay.

They enjoyed their meal immensely, and while Joe was washing up the pans and dishes, Jack put the axe and hatchet into the small boat, and made other preparations looking toward the beginning of their day's campaign.

### CHAPTER XIII.—The Men on the Beach.

The boys rowed to the beach, took another survey of the vicinity to see if any one was around, and then started in with a will to clear away that portion of the vegetation on the raised ground which cut off the view of the Coffin Lid. It was hard work, and some boys would have tired of it.

Not so Jack Ward and Joe Tuttle.

The prospect of reaping a huge reward for this labor stimulated them to persevere, though the morning sun was growing warmer every moment and the perspiration gathered on their foreheads and trickled down their cheeks.

Every once in a while one of them would cease to work and take a look around.

There was always a possibility of some summer resident wandering out that way, even if Sherlock and Dacres themselves did not show up, and their actions would undoubtedly have attracted the curiosity of any straggler.

It was about nine o'clock by the time they had blazed an open way to the edge of the little bluff.

"That will do now," said Jack, wiping his heated brow. "I'll drive a stake here directly in line with the Coffin Lid, then we'll run a line between the outermost stakes and pace off the required distance. After which we have a nice little job of digging before us."

Jack planted the stake on the edge of the bluff.

He placed the compass beside it and noted how the edge of the Coffin Lid bore.

"Sou'east and nor'west," he said.

They went to the boat, got the long line and stretched it from stake to stake on the bluff, and marked it with three small stakes placed close together.

Jack rolled up the line and returned it to the boat.

"Now mark off eighteen paces, Joe, between the high water line and the stake on the bluff."

Joe so did, and found that the mark he had made on Monday afternoon lay four feet to the right of the true spot.

He then transferred the tree stump to the right place.

"If the treasure is here I guess we've got it spotted now," said Joe, in a tone of great satisfaction.

"That's right," replied Jack. "Now we'll go aboard the boat and get the shovels."

They pushed off from the beach, boarded the catboat and sat down in the cockpit to take a rest.

As the sun was decidedly hot they made a sort of awning with the loose folds of the mainsail.

Underneath this they sprawled, looking shoreward, while the sea breeze fanned their warm cheeks.

"It's going to be a hot job digging an eight-foot hole in the shore," said Joe. "I'm bound to say that nothing but the anticipation of what we expect to find at the bottom of it would induce me to tackle it."

"I've just been considering the matter," replied Jack, "and have decided to put the work off until after dark."

"After dark!"

"Yes. Then we should hardly be interfered with by casual visitors, and the work would go on much quicker and more pleasanter in the cool night air."

"That's right," nodded Joe, with satisfaction. "We've got a couple of lanterns aboard that will furnish us with all the illumination we will need."

And so it was decided to postpone the work after sundown. There was a small island about a mile away which lay to the south of Gardiner's and Joe suggested that they sail over there and see if they couldn't find a shadier anchorage than where they lay. Jack agreed. They hoisted sail, pulled up the anchor and made tracks for it. It offered no shady mooring ground, but there was inviting nooks ashore that tempted them to land. They slept for the greater part of the afternoon under the trees, and then returned to the cove about six o'clock.

"Hello," exclaimed Joe, after they had dropped anchor, "there's a couple of men stretched out on the beach yonder."

Jack looked in the direction he pointed and saw two figures lolling not far from the spot they had marked as the site of the treasure.

"I can't identify those chaps from here, but I'd be willing to bet a dollar to a doughnut those chaps are Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres," said Jack, with a look of disgust.

"Well, if that wouldn't make any fellow mad," growled Joe.

"Don't pay any attention to them, and maybe they'll go away when they get rested."

"I can't see what those rascals expect to do out here anyway," said Joe. "You say they can't locate the spot they're hunting for without that paper you got from Dabney. And even if they could how do they expect to dig for it without shovels. And what means have they for carrying away a lot of money and valuables if they came upon it?"

"Ask me something easier, Joe. I imagine they

are not here for the purpose of looking about in a general way. They may know more about those signs than we have any idea of. If they should be able to get the bearings of the treasure, such chaps as they would think nothing of going over to Sag Harbor and stealing not only shovels, but a sailboat to carry the stuff off in if they found it."

"They're taking a sight of us now," said Joe.

"They're welcome to take as many sights as they choose. Get the stove out, Joe, and we'll cook our supper."

Three-quarter of an hour passed away, during which the boys cooked and ate their evening meal, without taking any apparent notice of the two men on the beach.

"They don't seem to be making any start that I can see," said Joe at length. "As the case stands we're blocked until they get out of the way."

This was a fact that Jack could not deny.

"Maybe they're waiting for us to hoist sail and depart," he said.

"If they are they'll be disappointed."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Jack. "We can't go ashore to do anything while we have any idea they're in the vicinity. I think the best thing we can do is to throw a good bluff."

"How?" asked Joe.

"Hoist our anchor and sail off toward Sag Harbor. Then return an hour or two after dark."

"That isn't a bad scheme."

"It ought to work unless those rascals mean to camp out there all night."

"Let's get busy, then."

The boys hoisted their sail, and then tackled the anchor. While Joe was turning the little drum-windlass forward Jack saw the two men get up from their lounging spot and saunter down to the water line. There was little doubt now as to their identity, for one was tall and spare, while the other was short and square-built. Fashioning his hands into a sort of speaking-trumpet the tall man hailed them.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—The Situation Changed.

Joe stopped turning the drum and the boys stared across the short stretch of water between the Sally Ann and the shore.

"Ahoy yourself!" returned Jack.

"Where are ye bound?" asked Sherlock.

"Sag Harbor," replied Jack at a venture.

"Carry us around there, will you? We're stranded," replied the tall man.

Jack and Joe stared at each other blankly.

"Tell them we're not taking passengers," said Joe, recommencing the operation of lifting the anchor from the bottom.

"We've got no accommodation for passengers," shouted Jack.

"We'll sit forward out of your way," roared Sherlock.

"Why don't you walk down to Amagansett? That's only about two miles away on the south shore," answered Jack, trying to shake them off as politely as possible.

"We want to get to Sag Harbor."

"You can walk there quicker than we can sail there," said Jack. "It's only ten miles or so across country almost due west. It's more than double that distance by water."

"We're played out. If ye don't we'll have to lie out here all night."

"If they stay there all night," said Joe, "we're dished for twenty-four hours more. It would be a good thing for us if we could get them out of the way for a few hours—say till to-morrow morning."

"But I don't want them aboard this boat," objected Jack.

"No more do I," admitted Joe; "but I don't see any better way of getting rid of them than to carry them to Sag Harbor."

"It would take us all of three hours to do that, and three more to get back here again. By that time it would be after one in the morning, and the best part of the night would be wasted. Besides you can't tell what designs those rascals have in their minds. It would be much safer to waste another twenty-four hours than to give those chaps a chance to do us up."

"Are ye going to take us aboard?" asked Sherlock, impatiently.

Ever since Joe had got the anchor off bottom the boat had been drifting nearer the shore, and they were now able to see the faces of the two men more distinctly.

"We'd rather not," replied Jack, letting the sail fill with the light breeze and the boat stopped drifting and began to forge off shore.

Sherlock saw there was no further use parleying, and sent a volley of oaths after the retreating boat. Jack paid no further attention to him, but seated himself on the weather side of the tiller. Joe secured the anchor aboard and joined his companion in the cockpit. Sherlock and Dacres seemed to be consulting together on the beach. Presently the boys saw them turn around, walk up the shore and disappear among the bushes.

"We may as well go back to the island and spend the night there, and to-morrow as well," said Joe.

"If we started for it now that would kind of give the lie to my assertion that we were bound for Sag Harbor. We'll follow the shore line until it gets dark, then we'll tack and run over to the island."

"All right," replied Joe. "You're the skipper."

The breeze was light and they made way slowly. Gradually darkness closed in upon the land and water-scape. It was quite dark by the time they reached a little headland that projected a hundred feet or so into the bay. The Sally Ann's course took her within a dozen yards of the extreme end of this point.

"I guess we'll come about now," said Jack, putting the tiller hard down.

The boat responded slowly, and the boys crawled under the boom as it swung over close above their heads. As they resumed their seats on the other side of the cockpit two pair of wet hands grasped the lee side of the boat, two heads bobbed above her inclined rail, and two legs were simultaneously thrown inboard. The boys did not notice these things in the gloom until they suddenly saw two figures rise out of the water and scramble

aboard the Sally Ann. Before they thoroughly grasped the situation, Gabe Sherlock and his pal, Bill Dacres, were standing in the cockpit before them.

"Now you young son of a seacock," exclaimed Sherlock, advancing threateningly on Jack, "we'll see whether you'll take us to Sag Harbor or not."

"You've no right aboard this boat if we don't want you," replied Jack, doggedly, rising to his feet.

"Shut up, you young monkey!" replied Sherlock, pushing him back on his seat. "We're boss of this ranch now. Just tie up these chaps, Dacres, and we'll run this hooker to please ourselves."

Dacres looked around for a suitable line to carry out his companion's directions, and his eyes lighted on the coil the boys had used to mark off high tide with. He pounced upon it and then make a grab for Joe Tuttle. Joe, however, presented a belligerent front, whereupon Dacres drew his sailor's knife and said:

"If you give me any trouble, you young whelp, I'll slit yer wizen."

The odds were so clearly against him that Joe gave up and allowed the man to secure him.

"Now trice up the other chap," ordered Sherlock.

Jack saw it would be useless to resist so he yielded to stern necessity.

"You didn't gain a heap by refusing to take us aboard, did ye?" grinned the carpenter of the lost Anthony Wayne. "There's more ways than one of killin' a cat, and old birds like me and Bill know a think or two, I reckon. Now, who are you chaps and where d'ye hail from?"

Neither of the boys made answer to this question.

"Oh, you're sulky, are ye?" said Sherlock, savagely. "I guess I kin make ye speak if I want to. Dive into the cuddy, Bill, and see what ye find to eat."

Dacres obeyed and fell over the pieces of wood and tackle which lay on the floor. He swore like a trooper.

"What's the matter with ye, Bill. Have you lost your sea legs, all at once?"

"The place is full of dunnage," roared back Dacres, with an oath.

"It is, eh? Can't ye find a match to strike a light?" replied Sherlock. "Where d'ye keep your lucifers?" he demanded, turning on Jack.

Without waiting for reply he commenced to fumble in the boy's pockets, and soon came across his match-safe.

"Here ye are, Bill," he said, and Dacres came out and got the matches.

The rascal soon spied out one of the lanterns and lighted it. With this to help him he found the provision box, and soon he and Sherlock were filling up on meat sandwiches and a whole fruit pie. They ate like famished men, and made a big hole in the supplies the boys had fetched along. As soon as they had satisfied their appetites, Sherlock took the lantern and looked into the cabin. When he reappeared in the cockpit he held up the lantern before the faces of each of the boys.

"What's your name?" he asked Jack.

"It won't do you any good to know," replied the boy.

"How d'ye know it won't," replied Sherlock. "I reckon I know, anyway. You're Jack Ward, the chap that helped rescue Second Mate Dabney, of the brig Anthony Wayne, in the Sound last week. He told ye a yarn about some pirate treasure buried down this way, and he gave ye a paper that p'inted out the spot. That's what brought ye down this way. Ye came to hunt for it. Ye were in the cove afore to-day, for we seen where some one had cut down the shrubbery, and marked a spot on the beach. You're a couple of clever ones, ye are, but not clever enough to hoodwink me and Bill. We've been studyin' them marks, and puttin' our heads together. We saw where ye'd tramped in a straight line from three small stakes down near the water. I reckon we don't need that paper ye've got about ye. Ye've done all that's necessary except dig; and ye intended to do that to-night. That's what ye came back for, but when ye seen us ye changed your minds. When I hailed you, ye said ye were goin' to Sag Harbor, which was a lie, wasn't it? Ye hadn't no intentions of goin' to Sag Harbor nor anywhere else. Ye told us that to throw sand in our eyes. Ye see we're on to your little game."

"And you were bluffing us, too," said Jack desperately. "You didn't want to go to Sag Harbor, either. All you wanted was to get aboard this boat."

"That's jest what we wanted," grinned Sherlock. "And we've done it."

#### CHAPTER XV.—The Treasure Found.

During all this time the Sally Ann lay almost stationary on the water. The carpenter had thrown her up into the wind. He now headed her back to the cove, only a short distance away. When she was close to the beach he threw out her anchor. Hauling the rowboat around he told Dacres to throw in the two shovels. Then the rascal ordered the boys into the boat. After a short consultation he and Dacres followed with the lantern. Pushing the boy ahead they marched to the spot Joe had marked off as the site of the treasure.

"Now," said Sherlock, holding up the lantern and drawing his knife, while Dacres drew his, "I'm goin' to cut you chaps loose. But don't ye attempt to run away. If ye try it on ye'll find a knife in your back in the twist of a pig's tail. Ye were goin' to dig for that treasure, warn't ye? Well, ye shan't be disapp'ointed," with a cruel grin. "Ye shall dig, and dig hard, d'ye understand? It'll save us the trouble, and maybe if we find a good haul we'll give ye somethin' for your trouble."

He cut the boys free and pointing to the shovels ordered them to get busy. Much against their inclinations, Jack and Joe had to fall to, for there was no escape for them. The two rascals kept a sharp eye on them, and stirred them up when they lagged in the work. After they had dug a trench four feet square and five deep, and seemed ready to drop from fatigue, they were permitted to rest for half an hour in the hole.

"This is tough luck!" muttered Joe, as he wiped his forehead.

Jack nodded, but didn't express his thoughts in words.

"Pass up that paper you got from Dabney," said Sherlock, looking down into the hole.

Jack handed it up to the rascal.

"Dig six feet eh?" he muttered. "Skull, two feet, Well, if ye've struck the right spot ye ought to be close upon the chest, or whatever it is. Get a move on, you chaps, or let us see what ye kin turn up."

So Jack and his chum started in again with the shovels and made the sand fly.

"We are down more than six feet now," said Joe in a low tone, "and there's no sign yet of that skull."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before his shovel struck something hard. In a few moments they exposed a grinning skull.

"What have ye got there?" called down Sherlock, flashing the lantern's light into the excavation. "A skull, eh? Toss it up."

Joe did so, and the carpenter picked it up and looked at it.

"Keep on diggin' down there, and don't ye dare stop till ye strike somethin'."

Their shovels soon met with another obstruction, which proved to be a small iron-bound box and alongside of it were three others. Sherlock sent Dacres aboard the catboat for the tackle and the wooden uprights, and the two sailors soon had it rigged in shipshape fashion. The carpenter threw down a sling to the boys and ordered them to put it around one of the boxes. This accomplished, the hook block was attached to it and Jack and Joe ordered to hoist away. In this way ten boxes and a small chest were lifted out of the hole and landed on the beach.

The boys were ordered out of the hole and compelled to haul the boxes down to the water's edge. They were then transferred a few at a time to the small boat. The boxes were taken into the cabin, and one of them smashed open by the impatient carpenter in his eagerness to see the treasure. A stream of old-fashioned gold coin fell on the cuddy floor. The sight of the money as it flashed in the light of the lantern threw Sherlock and his companion into a fever of excitement, and for the time their attention was entirely distracted from the boys. Jack was quick to perceive their advantage.

He was standing close to the locker in which he had placed his revolver when he first came aboard. Slowly and with caution he pulled the locker open and drew out the weapon. He nudged Joe and pointed at the knife Sherlock had in-

cautiously laid down. Joe reached out his arm and seized it. The action attracted Dacres' attention.

"Drop that, blame yer!" he cried, making a lurch at Joe with his own knife.

Quick as a flash Jack raised his revolver and fired at him point-blank. Dacres clapped his hand to his breast and sank down with a groan. Sherlock looked up astonished and startled to find the tables were turned on himself and his comrade, and the two boys masters of the situation.

"Throw up your hands!" cried the boy, "or I'll shoot you down like a dog."

Jack meant business, and if Sherlock, after a string of oaths had not yielded he would have disabled the rascal with a ball.

"Tie him, Joe," ordered Jack, and Joe soon had the carpenter well secured.

While Joe stood guard with the revolver at the cuddy door, Jack hoisted the sail and then the anchor, and steered for Orient Point. It was noon next day when the Sally Ann pointed her nose into the bay which communicated with Northcliffe harbor. An hour and a half later the boat came to anchor off the point near Jack's house. The first thing they did was to row Sherlock and the wounded man ashore, and turn both over to the head constable of the village, making a charge of assault against them. The former was locked up and the latter was placed in a doctor's hands, who declared him to be dangerously, thought not fatally, wounded.

He recovered in a month, and subsequently both were tried for attacking the boys in their boat and got a three-year sentence. Jack had the chest and ten boxes conveyed to his house, where they were opened and found to contain gold coins of Spanish, French and even English coinage. The entire value of the treasure was found to be \$1,200,000, after it had been turned into American money. Thus Joe got \$120,000 in the end for his share, while Jack came into his million, and in due time married Miss Nannie Wilcox, thus proving that he was a boy who was born lucky.

Next week's issue will contain "LOST IN THE ANDES; OR, THE TREASURE OF THE BURIED CITY."

#### ANCIENT RING DUG UP

A massive neck ring of solid gold, believed by experts to date back to 120 B. C., was found on a farm in Norway. The ring, of artistic though barbarian design, has been placed in the museum of Christiania University.

## CURRENT NEWS

## A SINGULAR INCIDENT

An avalanche sweeping across the Bourg d'Oisans road near Rochetailee, France, left a huge block of ice in which was incased the body of a wild boar. When thawed out the meat was found to be excellently preserved and the villagers enjoyed a feast.

## EXCLUSIVE AUTO COLORS

No privately owned automobile in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, may be painted red or white. These colors are used exclusively by the city for its municipal cars. All the ambulances are white, and the fire department's machines are red, to make it easy for the traffic policeman to distinguish these cars, which have the right of way.

## ALASKA'S LOST LAKES

More of Alaska's lost lakes have been discovered. During the flight of the round-the-world

flyers from Ketchikan to Seward, bodies of water were frequently sighted but not charted in the latest and most authentic map of the territory. Lieut. Lowell H. Smith, now leader of the expedition spent several days at Dutch Harbor jotting down new waters the flyers saw from the air.

Tales of interior lakes are constantly brought in by trappers and prospectors. Near Short Bay last summer, a lake four and one-half miles long was discovered within five miles of a settlement. Aerial mail carrier Elison Elman passed over a large body of inland water—then a sheet of ice—near Tanana, in March, which was not shown on the last map.

It is now the intention of the forestry service to use a seaplane during the summer to make a series of aerial photographs of the coast line from Ketchikan to Seward, with a view of checking up on the lakes, rivers and islands, compared to present day maps.

**Please Take Notice!**

A great many readers of this publication who like good snappy detective stories are buying "MYSTERY MAGAZINE," so why don't you? No. 160 is out on the newsstands and contains the splendid novelette by JACK BECHDOLT,

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# Rob and the Reporters

— Or, —

## Hustling for War News by Wireless

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

### CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

He could see a regiment carrying Belgian flags charging the Germans at no great distance away.

The Belgian prisoners, who had come out behind him, at once took to their heels.

Rob started to go back after his coat and hat, when all at once a cannon-shot struck the guard-house, demolishing it.

"I must get my coat at any risk," thought Rob, and he began pulling at the heap of canvas, when a second cannon-ball whizzed past him, and that so close that the wonder was he escaped.

"No place for me," he thought, backing away, when a company of German foot soldiers came swinging his way, led by Captain Behrends, who, upon seeing him, shouted:

"Stick to us, Randall, or I shall order you shot. Mind what I say!"

And glad enough was Rob to tie to something.

It was all a new experience to him, of course, and it was correspondingly confusing.

As he was swept forward on the double-quick, he caught sight of Walter, armed with a gun, further down the line.

"So he has been commandeered, too," thought Rob. "I wonder where Edith is? This is terrible! If she had only remained in Rotterdam!"

But Rob quickly found himself with other things to think of.

A company of Belgians now opened fire on them, which was returned. Men were falling all up and down the line.

For a time the Germans held their own, but at length they began to waver.

It was just at this juncture that Captain Behrends fell.

It was the signal for a panic with his company. They turned and fled, the Belgians giving chase.

Rob would surely have run with them, but at this instant he saw Walter go down.

"He may be only wounded; I can't leave him, and I won't," thought the brave boy, and he broke away, hurrying to his side.

"Walt! Speak! Are you badly wounded?" he cried, seeing that he was alive.

"Hit in the leg," replied Walter. "Fly and save yourself! I was forced into it, Rob."

"I shall never desert you."

"Then they will make hash of you. Drop and play possum—quick!"

Rob took the hint, but he was too late. He had been seen.

A petty officer on the left flank separated himself from the rest as the Belgians went sweeping by, and made for the spot with drawn sword.

Meanwhile, the Germans had rallied, and the battle continued.

"This won't do! That fellow will spit us both!" gasped Rob.

Captain Behrends's corpse lay near.

Rob sprang up and seized his sword as the Belgian officer made a thrust at Walter.

Rob was too quick for him. He struck the sword a terrific blow, almost knocking it from the officer's hand.

A fencing match followed which meant life or death.

Luckily for Rob, he had long practised with the foils, and he knew his business, while the Belgian officer was anything but an expert.

For a moment he stood up against Rob, and then, finding that he had met his match, he turned and fled, but he had only gone a few paces when he halted, wheeled about, and, drawing a revolver, fired point-blank.

"Heavens! I'm hit!" gasped Rob, and, to Walter's horror, he fell forward to the ground.

"Rob! Rob!" cried Walter, trying to rise.

No answer.

Walter's heart sank.

"Oh, what shall I do?" he gasped. "Rob is dead!"

Rob felt a sharp, stinging sensation in the left breast just above the heart, and knew he was falling, as he exclaimed, but after that all was a blank till he suddenly heard Walter's voice saying:

"Thank heaven, he is coming too!"

He opened his eyes, to find himself on his back with his head resting in Walter's lap.

"Great Scott! That fellow plugged me. I thought I was a goner," he gasped.

"You bet I did, then," replied Walter, "but I don't think it was the bullet that knocked you out. It was the way you fell. You struck your forehead against a stone. The wonder is you didn't fracture your skull."

"How still it is. Have they quit fighting?"

"Why, Rob, how long do you suppose you have lain unconscious?"

"It can't be long."

"Boy, it's almost two hours. I thought you never would come to, yet your heart kept beating regularly all the while."

"You don't mean it! Then the battle was over long ago?"

"Sure. The Germans rallied and drove the Belgians back. I suppose they are following them up. Anyhow, they haven't returned."

"How are you feeling yourself, Walter?"

"Oh, not so worst! I've got a bullet in my leg, that's all."

"I suppose you know nothing of Edith."

"Nothing, worse luck; but say, if you can stand it we better be getting out of this. There are a lot of ghouls hanging around robbing the dead. They came this way, but I threatened them with the sword, and they beat it in a hurry."

"Can you walk?"

"I can hobble. I've tried it. Too bad we both had to get bunged up at this critical time, but I suppose we ought to be thankful we are alive."

(To be continued.)

## GOOD READING

## STORAGE CONDITIONS AFFECT GLASS

The Bureau of Standards has recently conducted a series of tests to ascertain the best conditions under which bottles and other articles of glass may be stored. Glass bottles were stored under varying conditions for a period of six months, after which they were examined. It was found that a dry room of even temperature gave better results than either the open air or a humid room, the latter causing the bottles to scum. Bottles wrapped in thin fiber board boxes were in better condition than those packed in open crates, while those wrapped tightly in paper were in worse condition than those not wrapped at all. Cork or paper stoppers did not prevent scumming, but rubber stoppers almost eliminated it.

## COOL DARING

Four lions attacked a herd of cattle on a farm at Romsey, South Africa, says a news item in the Rhodesia Herald. The herdboy was standing on an ant heap, examining a pair of boots he had got the day previous, when he heard a low growl near him. On looking up, he saw that three lions had got hold of three cows, while another lion stood looking on. The boy pulled off his boots and threw them at the nearest lion, and then made a rush for them with a stick, shouting at the same time at the top of his voice to another herdboy to bring a gun. In the meantime two lions had got their cows down, but, nothing daunted, the Kafir made a rush for them, and the lions moved away from their prey. The boy then rounded up his cattle (he had 108 head), and while he was doing so had to chase the lions away several times; when he was at one side, the lions would try to catch the cattle on the other. However, he brought all his cattle safely home. Since then one of the cows has died, the claw of a lion having penetrated her lung. For cool daring, it would be hard to beat the chasing of four lions single handed, and with no weapon except a pair of boots and a stick.

## INTERESTING ITEMS

Many of the Sandwich Island widows have their husbands' names tattooed on their tongues.

Some of the cats in Liberia, Africa, are of a bright-red tint, and they are very conspicuous in the moonlight.

The Angora goat furnishes most of the hair which adorns ordinary dolls. This product is valued at \$40,000,000 a year.

It is stated that from the mouth to the source of the Rhine 725 castles, formerly the homes of warlike chiefs, are to be found overlooking its waters.

The swiftest dog in the world, the Russian wolfhound, has made record runs that show 24 yards to the second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than 27 yards a second.

In Melbourne no Sunday papers are permitted and no hotels are allowed to open their bars.

A Frenchman has invented a machine for dealing cards that is said to make misdeals impossible.

The first steam fire engine was made in 1829 in London from the designs of Capt. John Ericsson, the designer of the Monitor. The fire engine was a failure.

The Grand Waterfalls at Labrador are the highest in the world, rising to a height of 2,000 feet. Those of Niagara are but 164 feet at their highest point.

In a billiard room in Paris is a billiard table made of glass. It is much more difficult to make a shot upon it than upon the ordinary baize-covered table.

In the sandy deserts of Arabia whirling winds some times excavate pits two hundred feet in depth, extending down to the harder stratum on which the great bed of sand rests.

Some of the women of Siam intrust their children to the care of the elephant nurses, and it is said the trust is never betrayed. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephants, who are very careful never to hurt their little charges.

The metallic threads used in the gold and silver tinsel brocades now popular for women's gowns and wraps are so fine, say fabric experts, that they run over 20,000 yards, or more than eleven miles, to the pound.

A carpenter who has to insert a screw in hard wood pushes the screw first straight into a lump of soap. This makes it easy to screw into the wood. Soap is much better than oil, as the latter is so quickly absorbed by the wood that this swells and the screw jams.

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# INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

## A WASHER STOPS SCRAPING

If a dial has a tendency to scrape the panel, put a washer cut from blotting paper between the two and the noise will stop.

## AMMETER VS. VOLTMETER

An ammeter should never be used to test storage batteries or "B" batteries. For dry cells the ammeter is the only thing that will give an accurate notation of the condition of the cell, but it should not be left connected to the battery more than a few seconds. The ammeter acts as a good short-circuiting instrument for any battery and will therefore bring down the life of the batteries considerably.

## NEW RADIO REGULATION

The Department of Commerce has issued the following radio regulation:

"During the daylight saving period, or from May 1 to Oct. 1, 1924, all general, restricted and special amateur transmitting stations are required to observe a silent period from 7 P. M. to 10:30 P. M., local standard time, or from 8 P. M. to 11:30 P. M., daylight saving time, and on Sundays during church services."

## DISTRESS SIGNALS

Few radio listeners know that behind the scenes in the broadcasting station there is stationed a licensed code operator whose only duty in the period the station is on the air is to listen in for distress signals. While music and addresses are going out from an adjoining room he sits at a receiving set tuned to 600 meters, the wave length of ship and coast stations. At the first signal of distress he notifies the engineer in charge and the broadcasting stops at once and the air left free for unobstructed transmission of S. O. S. signals.

## KEEP GROUND LEADS SHORT

Rules for the erection of outdoor aerials, as suggested by Electrical Merchandising, are as follows:

Ground leads should be short and need not be insulated unless of great length. Aerials or leads should not run parallel to power or light lines or near to grounded surfaces, such as tin roofs, conduit or water pipes.

Lead-in insulated wires should be water-tight, or slope outside to prevent rain from running along the wire to the set. Never install aerial or lead wires inside of conduit or other conducting material, even though insulated from it.

## HERE'S A WIRING HINT

Do not use a great number of small short pieces of wire to connect from instrument to instrument in your set, with frequent soldered connections.

Take a long strip of bus bar or plain copper wire and start at one instrument, put the wire through the binding post, run it to the next instrument, and through the binding post, and so on. You can sometimes run half-way around

the set with one strand of wire, with no breaks, good contacts, and the minimum of soldering. This will reduce the resistance of the wiring in your set and save the annoyance of broken soldered connections.

## LIGHTNING AND THE ANTENNA

Another fall, winter and good part of the spring have rolled by and we are back to summer days and electric storms, which are the curse of radio. At the first sign of warm weather many radio enthusiasts proceed to take down their antennae, for fear of the lightning hazard. Yet according to Dr. J. H. Dellinger, chief of the radio laboratory of the Bureau of Standards the lightnings hazard is practically nil. Only for outside antennae need lightning protection be considered at all, he says. "It is very simple. A small and cheap device called a lightning arrester should be connected between the antenna and the ground wire on receiving sets. An antenna is no more likely to bring lightning into a house or apartment than are overhead telephone or electric light wires. The principal hazard from antennae is from stringing outdoor antennae over or near electric wires. A number of persons have met death by electrocution from this cause."

## MAKING RUBBER PANELS

A hard rubber panel is composed of the best plantation rubber, to which various other substances have been added, the chief among them the sulphur necessary for vulcanization.

The best grades contain very little rubber. Cheaper grades contain very little rubber, are quite brittle, and are often poor insulators.

The rubber is first ground between rollers, to change it into a smooth and plastic state. The other substances are then ground in with it.

The rubber is then rolled into a sheet; several of these sheets are placed one upon another and again rolled until they attain the thickness of the financial sheet.

The surface of this sheet is then coated with tinfoil, to give the necessary gloss to it. The sheets are next placed in a rectangular frame and put into a steam-heated press, where they are vulcanized.

The frames are then removed from the press and the tinfoil removed, and the sheets are ready for use.

As the sulphur combines to a certain extent with the tinfoil a metallic film is formed over the surface of the rubber. To avoid surface leakage this should be removed by going over it with sandpaper until all the gloss is gone. Emery papers should not be used for this purpose. It should then be given a coat of olive oil and gone over with a finer grade of sandpaper until the desired finish is secured.

The panel should be rubbed with a dry cloth until all traces of oil have been removed. The panel is then ready for use.

Probably one of the best insulators known suitable for panels is hard rubber. It is easily cut and drilled, and if a good grade is used, it

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will not become green with age, and unless exposed to excessive temperatures and sunlight, it will not warp.

#### RADIO RADIATION

The radiating properties of single circuit regenerative receivers are well known, and much has been printed about these sets and how much trouble they cause. Now it cannot be expected that every owner of a single circuit will immediately throw his outfit out upon being informed of its obnoxiousness. He is only willing to make slight changes at first. Then, after a while, he will without doubt discard it entirely in favor of a better type of receiver.

The "aerial coil" is, in most cases, the primary of a variocoupler, while the "tickler" is the secondary.

Now the extra coil next to the primary consists of about fifty turns of No. 24 or 26 single cotton covered wire wound directly over the free end of the primary. The winding can be bunched so as to occupy not more than an inch or so of space. Across the ends is connected a variable condenser of .0005 mfd. This is the size of the average twenty-three plate instrument.

The additional circuit formed by the coil and condenser performs practically the same function as the isolated trap circuit does in the Cockaday four circuit tuner.

It provides a good control of the regenerative action, and in most cases will prevent the set from spilling into sudden oscillation. It is this action which causes whistles in other receiving sets.

#### CLEAN AERIAL AND INSULATORS

Be sure to overhaul your aerial for summer. This is especially good advice if your antenna was erected during the winter time or last fall and has gone for six months or more without attention.

If it was erected during disagreeable weather the probabilities are that you did not spend as much time in erecting it as you would have had it been more moderate weather. The winter storms may have loosened up one of the support masts or broken a guy wire.

The wire has undoubtedly become very dirty from a deposit of soot and other impurities. The insulators will be black with soot that has fallen on them when they were wet and subsequently dried. Soot contains a high percentage of carbon and carbon is a partial conductor.

This coating of carbon forms a high resistance leak over the insulator and will allow some of the radio currents to find their way to ground rather than your receiver. Carefully wipe your insulators off with a damp cloth. Examine the surface for cracks which are usually indicated by a dark line if the insulator is composed of porcelain.

If your insulators are of the short type it might be well to string several along in series in place of one. This will give you a considerable greater factor of safety as far as leakage of energy is concerned. The best insulators are the long skinny type of those provided with petticoat flanges.

In buying new insulators accept nothing but the best. If you are considering porcelain insulators try the ink test before making a selection.

Place a drop of red or blue ink on the surface, let it remain a moment, and then wash off. If the ink soaks into the porcelain readily do not take that type. Water will be absorbed as readily as ink and this type of insulator will not give satisfaction.

#### COMBINATION SINGLE CIRCUIT REGENERATIVE RECEIVER

How often have you wished that you could go back to the crystal detector and listen in to the local stations instead of running down the perfectly good batteries?

The single circuit regenerative receiver is made selective by the addition of variable condenser across the rotor coil, which also serves the purpose of tuning the secondary of the crystal detector circuit.

The beauty of this circuit is that one may use the crystal and then the tube without removing the phones to another set of binding posts. When the tube is used the cat's whisker is just removed from the crystal and the circuit is ready for DX. When using the crystal just turn off the rheostat and adjust the crystal detector to the sensitive spot. The telephone receivers always remain in the circuit.

The aerial series condenser may be of the 43 or 23 plate type. The coupler may be of the new 180-degree type, which will be found to work best with the regenerative end of the circuit, although a 90-degree coupler will serve the purpose. The rotor condenser need not be large. One of about .00025 or 23 plates is sufficient to cover all wave lengths between 200 meters and 560 meters.

The crystal detector may be mounted on the front of the plate. Several types of crystal should be tried before deciding on the best one. Do not try to use fixed crystals in this hookup, as they will short circuit the secondary coil and the tube will not function properly. Should the builder insist on using a fixed crystal, a switch must be placed in series with the crystal so that it may be thrown off when the tube is burning. Don't forget the .001 mica-fixed condenser across the phones and B battery negative. This will give more power to the tube set.

The whole set may be on a 7 by 18 panel. It will have three dials for control, namely, antenna condenser, secondary condenser and tickler coil. Five or six switch contact points may be connected to the front of the panel to vary the primary wave length.

In tuning this outfit for tube operation first adjust the aerial condenser to about 90 degrees, and then move the switch contact points up so as to include all of the coil in the circuit. Move the tickler dial slowly back and forth; try to prevent violent squeals. Readjust the aerial condenser. If tuning appears broad, adjust the tickler or secondary condenser. Most all of the tuning will be done with the aerial condenser and the tickler coil.

The crystal set tuning will be somewhat the same except that the regeneration will be absent, and the secondary coil position will govern the selectivity. In case the tickler coil does not give regeneration, reverse the leads to the terminals.

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**FREE**: Astrological reading and complete chart governing your life, as indicated by the stars. Send Birthdate. Enclose 12c. for this notice. Phari Studio, Desk A. L., 1658 Broadway, New York.

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**EARN \$110 to \$250** monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet. CM-101 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

**EARN Money** weekly, spare time, addressing, mailing circulars. No selling. We pay weekly. Send 10c for mailing cost. Rica Co., 1658 Broadway, Dept. C-20, New York.

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**EARN MONEY WEEKLY**, spare time, at home, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 10c for music information. New England Music Co., 234 Capen, Dept. F6, Hartford, Conn.

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**STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc.**, are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 515 Hannibal, Mo.

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**BEAUTIFUL WEALTHY LADY**, 23, All Alone. Wants Husband. Box 511, Huntsville, Ala.

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**BACHELOR**, 38, worth \$100,000 will marry. Y-Box 866, League, Denver, Colo.

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**GET A SWEETHEART**. Exchange letters. Write me enclosing stamp. Violet Ray, Dennison, Ohio.

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